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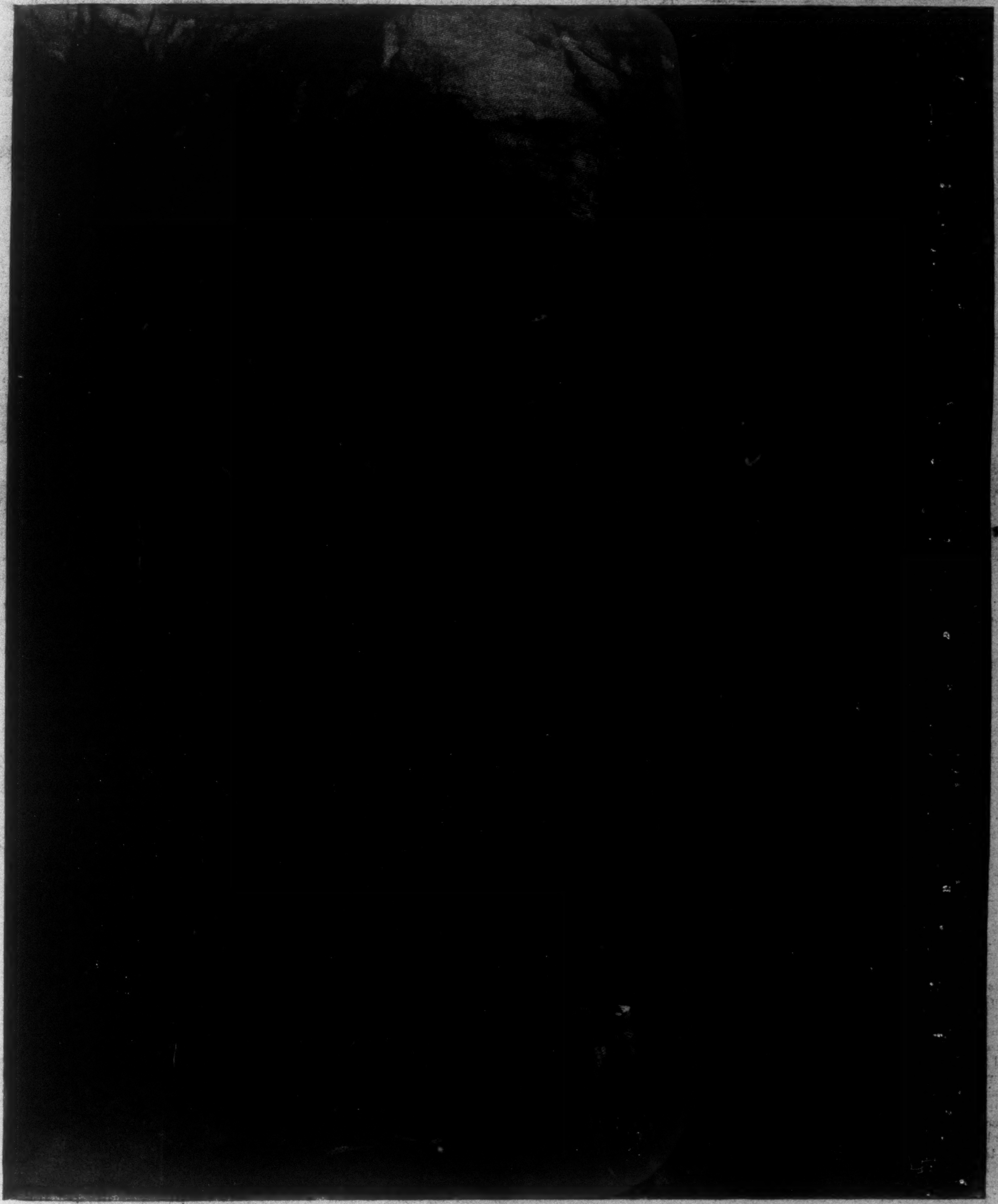

AFTER THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE—TAKING THE NEW MINISTER HOME TO DINNER.

Drawn by P. S. Newell.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 27, 1897

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THE Circuit Court of Appeals has rendered a decision that boycotts against trade are illegal. In the case under consideration certain members of Coopers' Union No. 18 of Kansas City ordered a boycott against a stave company because it had introduced into its shop a machine for hooping barrels. The court believed that this constituted a conspiracy against trade, and that it was also hostile to progress. The decision seems just—quite as just as would be a decision, for example, against the Tobacco Trust on the ground that the use of its powers to drive rivals out of business is contrary to public policy.

MR. PLATT has begun making explanations of his defeat. There is only one explanation. He controlled the State Republican machine. He made BLACK Governor. He authorized the fraudulent attempted evasion of the civil service provision of the State Constitution. He is a member of the United States Senate, and Mr. MCKINLEY has permitted him to control the patronage of the State. He was and remains the Republican party of the State and city of New York, and therefore it was as improper to permit him to dictate the Citizens' Union nominations as it would have been to permit CROKER to dictate them. PLATT being the Republican party of this State, and having added to all his other sins the sin of nominating TRACY to help VAN WYCK, New York beat the Republican candidates. The only hope of any success for PLATT in the future lies in the character of his opponent.

SENATOR WOLCOTT has made the official report of his ineffective wanderings through Europe in search of a bimetallic agreement. Apparently the report contains nothing new beyond making it still more clear that the necessary stiffening of the British cabinet's backbone came from the government of India. While Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was pushed off his pedestal, where he had stood as a typical sound English financier, by the metaphysical Mr. BALFOUR, the Indian government was making ready to declare that it was not the time to encourage bimetallists, for India would lose money by returning to the silver standard, and was prepared to consider plans for frankly establishing the gold standard. On the whole, the information obtained by the WOLCOTT mission, and that which comes from other sources, not only destroy the value of bimetallism as a game for shifty politicians, but strengthen the case for gold in adding new testimony as to the folly of supposing that silver is ever again to attain to full legal-tender value in any great commercial nation, and, further, as to the movement against silver both in India and in China.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has gone home, the Bering Sea conference having reached no conclusion. Nor is there reason to expect any agreement between the British and the United States governments on the subjects that were considered at Washington. The British government has now frankly confessed that it cannot protect the London people who are interested in the seal-fisheries, being dressers of all the skins, and that it must abandon all pretence of willingness to preserve the seal herd. The conference, while really therefore between Great Britain and the United States, was so simply because Great Britain is the diplomatic guardian of Canada. Canada is the real party in interest, and, on the seal question, under existing conditions, the Dominion government must stand by the pelagic sealers of the Northwest, who are opposed to any limitations on their pursuit. If, however, the United States will agree to a general reciprocity treaty, by which Canadian agricultural products may be profitably exchanged for American manufactures, Sir WILFRID LAURIER will probably be justified, in his own estimation and in that of his constituents, in throwing over the pelagic sealers, and in consenting that Great Britain may enforce the Paris award in spirit and in letter. But there is little reason to hope for an extradition treaty. We wish devoutly that the difference between the two countries might be so wisely settled as the Canadian premier suggests; but Congress will, we fear, have none of it, even should Mr. MCKINLEY agree.

CONGRESS will assemble the week after next, and until then there will probably be no new development as to what is to be expected in the future relations between Spain and this country. There seems to be great excitement in Spain which presages trouble for the SAGASTA government. In the first place, WEYLER is likely to turn out an elephant on its hands. He started home with a seditious speech insinuating that the new government had promised autonomy to Cuba at the dictation of the United States. This aroused the ire of the government, which threatens to court-martial the late Captain-General; but the speech finds an echo at home. WEYLER reached Spain on Thursday, the 18th, and while there was little excitement at first, there promises to be counter demonstrations of a grave character, especially if a movement is made to punish him. Already some Conservative leaders have announced that they are WEYLER'S friends, and purpose to form an opposition based on support of WEYLER'S methods in Cuba. Some of the populace are also declaring that they will rise against the monarchy if autonomy is granted to Cuba, and the Carlists are said to be arming. Moreover, Spain's financial difficulties are increasing. A few days ago the government defaulted on a large contract. If Congress be wise, nothing will happen until the Spanish plan of reform in Cuba shall be given a fair trial. An outline of the plan has been made public, and a promise has been made to declare it on Friday, December 3. The plan gives to the Cubans full control of legislation for the island, and makes the Captain-General responsible to the island legislature. There are some reservations of power to Spain, and there is always reason to doubt Spanish grants of popular liberty and self-government, because Spain herself has little understanding of such things, but the plan cannot be discussed until we have all its details.

NEXT month there will be held in New York a meeting of men interested in securing good government, for the purpose of presenting a plan for government control of primaries. It has been objected that the primary is itself discredited and ought to be abolished, and that all nominations ought to be made, as Mr. LOW'S was, by petition. We fancy that CROKER and PLATT would be glad of an opportunity that would enable them to effect their purpose by ordering a sufficient number of heelers to sign petitions. It would save publicity and expense, and greatly simplify matters. The primary, or something like it, is certain to be a feature of American politics for many years to come. In other words, candidates will represent political parties, and will be either chosen by a majority of the voters of the party or will be decreed by a boss. It is true that good men and independent men do not now attend primaries, but that is because the boss dominates, and opposition is useless. The end to accomplish is the enfranchisement of the party. We believe that good and independent citizens would attend the primaries if they knew that there was a chance to beat the boss, that votes in opposition to him would be received and counted, and that none but duly registered members of the party were to be permitted to vote. The only way to reach such an end would be through the intervention of the State. The State is as much concerned in regulating and overseeing the making of nominations as it is in guarding the purity of elections. State officers should supervise and control registration, should preside at primaries, and should count the votes. It may be true that we should have corruption then, but we should have at least the satisfaction of knowing that our primaries were as good as we deserved, while one of our bitterest reflections at present is that we cannot possibly deserve such primaries as PLATT and CROKER give us.

WE are glad to see that Postmaster-General GARY is to continue the effort, so vigorously made by his predecessor, to put an end to the fraud committed upon the law and the postal service through the abuse of the privilege of cheap postage charged for the transmission of second-class mail matter. As the Postmaster-General points out, it was the intention of Congress, in granting this privilege, to benefit the public by permitting the carrying of periodical literature at a loss to the government. County newspapers are carried free, under this privilege, to county subscribers, and all newspapers and weekly and monthly publications are carried through the mails at the rate of one cent a pound. The cost to the government of this service is eight cents a pound, and the loss, therefore, is seven cents a pound. The Postmaster-General points out, as Mr. WILSON was wont to point out, that the increase of second-class mail matter has been enormous. In 1888 the government carried 143,000,000 pounds of second-class matter, and in 1897 it has carried 365,000,000 pounds. This year, therefore, the government has expended $29,000,000 in distributing periodicals, and has received only $3,000,000 for the service. It has therefore lost $26,000,000—more than enough to account for the whole of the postal deficiency. It is perfectly well understood that the amount of second-class matter carried is thus enormously increased by abuses of the law—abuses which have, indeed, grown up under the interpretations of the government, but which are abuses, nevertheless, because they are contrary to the intention of the law. The publishers of books and of advertising papers, and others, take advantage of a rate never intended to aid them in their private business, and if they alone were excluded from the privilege so much money would be saved that the Post-office Department would be self-sustaining. The House of Representatives of the last Congress passed a bill which would have accomplished this reform, but the measure was killed in the Senate. If such a bill should become a law, the saving to the government would be $10,000,000 a year at least.

THE ORGANIZATION, AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

THERE were two conclusions arrived at by the man who "sums it all up in a word," at about ten o'clock of the night of the municipal election in New York. One was that the success of the Tammany ticket showed mere organization to be invincible, and the other was that the newspapers have no influence. As usual, the hasty man is wrong, and calm reflection will so quicken his memory that he must admit that the election in New York of 1894 demonstrated that organization is not invincible, and, furthermore, will open his eyes to the significance of 168,000 votes in favor of good government.

In 1894 the vote for Tammany's candidate for Mayor of what is now the Borough of Manhattan was 109,000, and the opposition vote was 162,000. This vote included the Republican vote, or the virtuous majority of it. This year the Tammany city ticket polled 138,000 votes in the Borough of Manhattan, and 229,000 in the whole of the enlarged city, while the opposition that was contending for good government, voting for LOW and GEORGE, polled 168,000. In order to determine the real strength of the opposition to Tammany this vote must be increased by a large, although unknown, fraction of the Republican vote, for many thousands of the Republicans who voted for Mr. TRACY were really in favor of good government, but were deluded this year by the absurd pretence of PLATT that the defeat of the Republican candidate in the city of New York would be a blow at the cause of sound money. The Tammany ticket, with that part of PLATT'S following which is for Tammany government added, is in a minority in the city of New York, and the importance of organization, as shown in the late election, consisted clearly and solely in the fact that the bad elements of the community possessed the advantage over decent citizens of an old and well-trained organization, while the good elements were disorganized or disunited. And yet the friends of good government who voted for Mr. LOW, with an organization recently formed and temporary in its character, numbered 168,000 votes. What Mr. GEORGE'S vote would have been, if he had lived to command it all, can, of course, never be known.

The lessons of this municipal election are of the utmost importance to every municipality in the country, and especially to large cities like Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Chicago, which have been preyed upon and disgraced by scheming politicians and by corrupt rings and bosses. Instead of being discouraging, the late election stimulates hope that better times are coming, and that the virtuous elements of American municipalities are eventually to gain their own. In the first place, let it be remembered that the largest city of the country had been governed for years by a band of robbers, controlling the oldest political organization in the country—an organization as strong in tradition and in the tricks of management and wire-pulling as it is corrupt and knavish, an organization that has the sustaining power of regularity, the recognition of the national organization, and the concerted support of the criminal and vicious classes of a great city. In 1894 this organization was overthrown by a hastily formed combination between various groups of opposition, including some bad

men who were driven into the combination by stress of circumstances, or tempted into it by the expectation of being able to control Mayor STRONG if he should be elected. Then came the three years of Mayor STRONG'S administration, partly bad and partly good, marred somewhat by spoils politics, but distinguished, especially in the Street-Cleaning Department, by businesslike efforts to manage city affairs on business principles. Notwithstanding the defects of the experiment, defects due entirely to the proneness of Mayor STRONG towards machine methods, they having been really the only political methods with which he had been familiar, the majority of the people of New York found that they liked good government. In fact, the only feature of the STRONG administration which gave Tammany its chance of success was the enforcement of the liquor law. But this issue was adventitious, and was not one that was inherent in the administration itself. On the contrary, the liquor law was enacted by Republican law-makers, and, so far as it applied to New York, it was intended to form the basis of corrupt sales by Tammany and Republican police officials of the privilege of violating it —in other words, it was part of a scheme of blackmailing for the profit of the two trading organizations; and the senseless revolt of the people of this city against the liquor legislation of the State has simply restored the old partnership, for the benefit of which the law was first enacted, and whose interest consists in maintaining and strengthening it.

And yet, notwithstanding the large accession to Tammany by reason of the so-called assault upon "personal liberty," Tammany polled only about 2500 more votes than BRYAN received in the old New York city, and it polled less than BRYAN received in Kings and Queens. If the Republicans and the GEORGE men had supported Mr. LOW, Tammany would have been defeated in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, except for the aid given to the VAN WYCK ticket by the candidacy of SANIAL, the Socialist-Labor nominee, while in the whole greater city the opposition to Tammany would have had a plurality of 40,000 votes. The election demonstrates that the real opposition to Tammany, the enemies of thievish politics, and the friends of good government, are in a majority in this city; and as the purpose of PLATT'S opposition to union is now clearly revealed to the most obtuse and obsessed partisan to have been in aid of Tammany, it is to be hoped that hereafter the men who are strong Republicans in national politics and good citizens in New York will frankly join the movement for nonpartisan, efficient, and honest administration of municipal business.

In order that the movement may not stop in its growth, the interest of the citizens must be maintained. The work of educating public sentiment must go on. The organization that commanded 168,000 votes must be continued. Tammany must be watched. Every act of bad government must be made public. Every dirty street must be reported. Every job or suspected job must be exposed. The record of every criminal appointed to office must be explained to the public. The police must feel that public opinion is more to be dreaded than the wrath of the captain or the ward man. The vicious classes, the gamblers, and the dive-keepers must learn that the expected plenty which they celebrated so riotously on election night is likely to lead them into even greater troubles than they have ever yet experienced. It must be realized that a democracy can govern a city, and that under its rule this city cannot be barbarous and depraved, but that it must be, and will be, civilized and Christian.

The great factor in this work of education and in demonstration will be, as it has always been, the daily press. Every one connected with the business of making newspapers must be proud of the part played by the New York daily press in this campaign for decency and efficiency. The newspapers were the most effective of all the instrumentalities employed that induced 168,000 voters to turn their backs upon their national parties and to vote for Mr. LOW and Mr. GEORGE. The result of the election, instead of demonstrating that the newspapers had no influence in the campaign, shows that they were most powerful factors in the effort to secure good government, for it is mainly, as we have said, by reason of their exposures of the vices of Tammany and of the combination between PLATT and CROKER, and by their intelligent discussion of municipal issues, that this great body of citizens were brought together to vote for LOW and GEORGE, despite the fact that the old organizations, to one or the other of which most of them belong, were directly and indirectly for VAN WYCK. If the newspapers will keep up the good work in which they have enlisted, if they will continue to insist, as they have long insisted, on good government for the city, they will eventually bring about the triumph of the cause for which Mr. LOW stood in the last election, and in doing that they will confer a benefit on every municipality in the country. So far, we owe to the newspapers most of what we have attained in municipal reform, and the country is likely to continue to be their debtor in this respect.

HAWAII AND SEA-POWER.

THE constant growth of this republic in all the essential elements of power is causing in Europe a vague uneasiness, which occasionally finds voice in the press, as well as in the utterances of public men. Of late the proposed annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States has been interpreted as a symptom of an aggressive spirit threatening to play an arrogant part in the affairs of the world. However that may be, the alarmists on the other side of the ocean need not fear that this annexation would prove a material addition to our strength, unless at the same time we increase our naval and military establishments to an extent hitherto not thought of. A rapid survey of the situation will make this clear.

It is a well-known fact that in our intercourse with foreign nations we occasionally say or do things which, if they were done or said by any other government, would be quickly resented by the powers interested, but which, coming from this republic, are submitted to with remarkable meekness. We hear sometimes of sullen growls, and even of schemes of hostile combinations against us, but such things regularly pass over without serious consequences and are soon forgotten. We should certainly have no reason to be proud of it if we were simply permitted to play among the nations of the world the pranks of a raw youth, whose conduct, however provoking, did not in fact mean much offence. We should, however, on various occasions, have met with a more resentful and even defiant spirit, did not foreign powers see peculiar reasons for avoiding a quarrel with the United States with especial care. It cannot be that they are afraid of our standing army or navy, for, excepting the period of our civil war, our military and naval establishments have never been considerable. But whenever a foreign power considers the chances of a serious conflict with the United States, it finds this state of things: We are a people of seventy millions or more, intelligent, energetic, vigorous, and intensely patriotic. We occupy a part of the American continent capable of sustaining with its products a much larger population. We have no neighbors strong enough to do us much harm, even if they were hostile. We are in some respects the richest nation in the world, with vast resources still untouched, and would therefore in a conflict have a very superior staying power. If a great naval force attacked us to-day, unprepared as we are, it might bombard some of our seaboard towns, ravage some of our coasts, and sweep our merchant fleet off the sea. Such harassments would, indeed, be very vexatious, but they would by no means disable us. They would only fire the temper of our people and excite them to greater efforts. It would soon become evident that the enemy could not strike at a vital point. He could not get a foothold on any important part of our continent and keep it, for on land the immense superiority of our forces would quickly overwhelm him. In order to take and hold any valuable point on our territory he would have to fight where we are strongest. He could therefore not expect to achieve, through his superior readiness at the beginning of the war, a quick success of importance sufficiently great to give him a lasting advantage that might be of decisive benefit to him in the eventual peace arrangements.

Thus a war with the United States must, under present circumstances, appear to foreign powers as one in which quick decisions cannot be achieved—aye, in which not even advantages of great consequence can quickly be won; in other words, as a war of resources in men, material, and money, a long and exhaustive war, in which the power capable of holding out longest will have by far the best chance of final success. And during such a long war not only would the enemy's maritime commerce suffer its share too, but he would also be exposed to the probability of unfriendly neighbors seizing the opportunity presented by his embarrassments to kindle a fire in his rear in co-operation with us—a consideration which the jealousies existing between European nations make a very cogent one. It is no wonder that, under such circumstances, European powers not only do not seek quarrels with this republic, but rather go to the extreme of politic forbearance to avoid them; and nothing could be more preposterous than the hysterical outcries of our Jingoes that foreign enemies are constantly lurking in ambush to insult our flag, or to deprive us of our rights, or to interfere with our commerce, and that we can baffle them only by standing sleeplessly on guard, armed to the teeth.

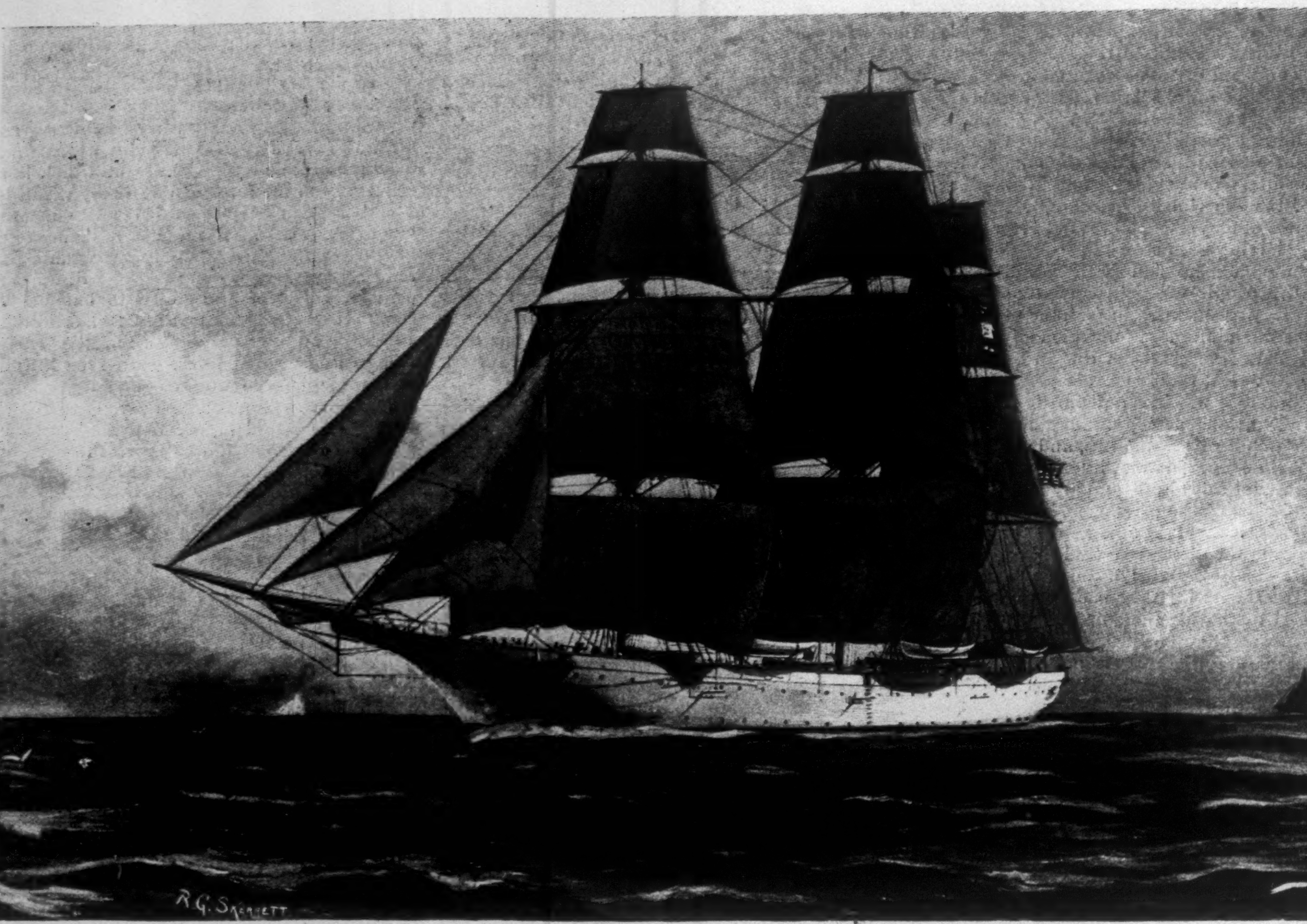
How would the annexation of Hawaii affect this situation? It could not make us more secure than we are now. It would rather be apt to present to hostile powers a vulnerable point which we do not now present, and the absence of which is so discouraging to the foreigner who may wish ill to us. The Hawaiian Islands are 2000 miles distant from our nearest coast. If we acquire them, we cannot let them go again without great humiliation, for, after all that has happened, they will appear as an especial object of our desire, to be held at any cost. In their present unfortified condition they would be an easy prey to any hostile power superior to us in naval force. But even if well fortified, their defence would oblige us to fight on a field of operations where the superiority of our land forces would be of no avail, unless we had a navy strong enough to protect the communication between our western coast and Hawaii against any interruption. Our situation would be somewhat like that of Russia during the Crimean war. The allied armies would have had little, if any, chance of final success had they attempted to invade the interior of Russia. But, forcing Russia to a fight at an exposed point, the communications of which with the interior of the empire were at that time so imperfect as seriously to impede the use of Russia's vast resources, they succeeded in forcing Russia to submit to a humiliating peace. For similar reasons the possession of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States would not serve to deter a foreign power from attacking us, but rather be calculated to invite attack, for it would offer to a foreign enemy the possibility, not now existing, of forcing us to a fight on ground on which we cannot bring the superiority of our resources into play, and of gaining by a rapid stroke at the beginning of a war an advantage extremely embarrassing to us. In this respect we shall by annexing Hawaii simply acquire a vulnerable point.

It may, indeed, be said that, if annexed, Hawaii would not remain in an unfortified state. That is true. But, as the history of our harbor and coast defences shows, it will require years to put those distant islands into a reasonably secure condition. And then it will require a big war fleet to make those fortifications really tenable, and to keep the communication between Hawaii and our continent safely open in case of war. Such a big fleet we can build, too. We *can* do all these things. If the people are willing to pay the bills and to endure the effects of that sort of policy, we *can* do this, and much more. But is not the really important question whether as a sensible people we *should* do it? Should we adopt a policy *obliging* us to do it, instead of maintaining the safe ground on which we now stand?

So far it has been our proud distinction and our boast, not that we had big armies and navies, but that we did not need them. And we uttered that boast, pitying the heavily burdened nations of the Old World that do need them. Do we need them now? It is admitted that we should have a navy sufficient to do our share of the police of the seas. For this purpose our navy is very nearly, if not entirely, large enough now. We are told that we need many more war-ships to protect our commerce. Our merchant marine on the high seas is small. When it was largest, our navy was almost ridiculously insignificant compared with those of other powers. Was our commerce not safe then? Is it not safe to-day? Is there the slightest reason for thinking that it will not be safe in the future? Can a big fleet make it safer than it has been, the period of our civil war excepted, since the war of 1812? Mr. ROOSEVELT, the most bellicose of our public men, who advocates a big navy "in the interest of peace," recently said that three times we had come near getting into a war because our fleet was not large enough. Do not such instances prove that without a large fleet peace with honor can be maintained if things are wisely managed? And is it not probable that in those instances peaceable arrangements would have been less assured if we had really had a big fleet at hand ready for a fight?

Thus we are to throw away that invaluable privilege of being secure without wasteful armaments, and of being powerful without risk or cost, in order to acquire a group of far-away islands, with a most undesirable population, while every well-informed person knows that the benefits for which we are to pay such an incalculable price—commercial advantages, coaling stations, and all that—may be had without annexation and the tremendous responsibilities it involves just as well as with it. Are we to descend to the condition of the heavily burdened nations of Europe without the slightest necessity, and even without a real inducement?

CARL SCHURZ.



THE NEW TRAINING-VESSEL FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.—DRAWN BY R. G. SKERRETT.

THE NEW TRAINING-VESSEL FOR THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

THERE is not an old "sea-dog" in the service, nor a civilian interested in the welfare of the navy, who is not glad to know that the Naval Academy is to have a thoroughly efficient sailing training-ship for the cadets. By the last session of Congress a provision of $125,000 was made for the building of such a vessel, and last Saturday bids were opened for the construction of the craft.

In many ways the Bureau of Construction has lavished as much thought upon the vessel's design as upon the planning of a battle-ship, and it is the earnest desire of Chief-Constructor Hichborn that the craft will be all that the cadets have so sadly lacked of recent years, while bettered by the advantages of the most recent practices.

The ship will have a water-line length of 175 feet, a maximum beam of 37 feet, and, upon a displacement of 1174 tons, will have a mean draught of 16¼ feet of water. The hull will be entirely of steel, sheathed with wood, and coppered from the bottom up to a general height of two feet above the water-line. This is done both to give the craft added strength and to make her proof against the retarding accumulations of barnacles and sea-grass. She will be ship-rigged, and will carry 19,968 square feet of canvas—spread enough, in fact, to drive her along at a good round pace of twelve knots and more an hour.

She will have a long flush main or spar deck, admirably suited for handling sail, for unhampered instruction, and for the purposes of exercise and deck drills. There will be accommodations for 11 commissioned officers, 2 warrant-officers, 180 cadets, and a working crew of 90 bluejackets. The ship will be lighted by electricity, and two small boilers will supply steam for heating and steam for the dynamos, blowers, windlass, and the distilling and the refrigerating apparatus.

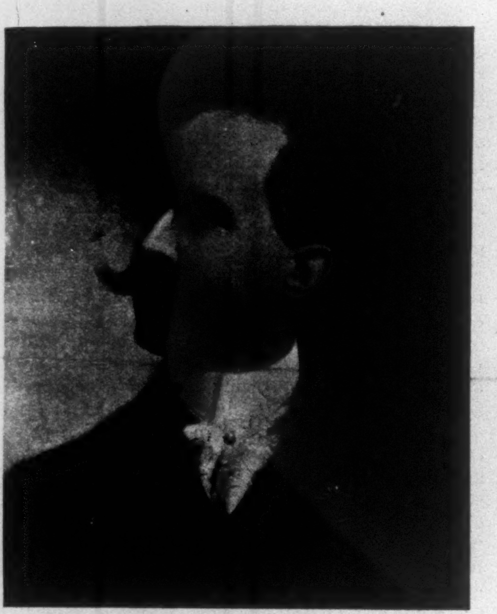
The main battery, housed on the gun-deck, will consist of six 4-inch rapid-fire guns, while a secondary force of four 6-pounders and two 1-pounders will be placed on the hammock berthing and taffrail wherever promising the best range of fire. There will be magazine space for 900 rounds for each of the 4-inch guns, and for a liberal allowance for the smaller pieces. The lightness of the batteries has been purposely studied, to the end of easy handling for the cadets, while giving them all the practice needful for the management of heavier ordnance.

Compared with the older training-vessels, this new craft will prove a great advance, and with the addition of the few mechanical facilities will have a very materially widened scope of application. The quarters will be comfortable and healthful under any stress of weather, while the electric lights will do much to facilitate study. The refrigerating-plant and the distilling-apparatus will greatly lengthen the number of days that may be spent at sea in practical work; and the sick-bay arrangements will be easily ample for the sick of the whole complement. Nothing has been overlooked that might add to the efficiency of the craft or to her ease of handling by the cadets.

In itself a training-ship is not necessarily of military importance, but as a school for the men that may command our ships in battle the practice vessel becomes a factor of moment. The duty of the officer is not alone to direct his men, but to inspire them as well, and to breed in them that unquestioning trust which comes only by proved efficiency. Even though his ship be without sail-power, still there may be times when he must respond to an emergency with all of that self-reliance and quickness born only of experience bred in the face of storm and in bending the raging elements to his own will. He must have confidence in himself to face the changing forces of wind and wave and tide, and must also have that instant grasp of situation and knowledge of remedy that comes only from constant battling with the restless sea. Breed in him that shifty self-possession first, and then see how unfalteringly he leads in the hour of storm, the stress of battle, or the moment of accident. Place him where you will, the responsibility of command is still second to his readiness.

With the helpful adjunct of this admirably fitted ship there is no good reason why that invaluable foundation of sound self-reliance should not be laid at the professional threshold of every young officer; and it is to be hoped that many of our light cruisers in the future may have sail-power enough to fill out that education which, before all else, has made the greatest commanders of the world—hardy, trying seamanship.

ROBERT G. SKERRETT.



CHARLES PAGE BRYAN.

THE NEW MINISTER TO CHINA.

THE newly appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to China, Colonel Charles Page Bryan, of Chicago, is a native of that city, and has been intimately connected with Illinois politics, though hitherto in no way a prominent public figure. He supersedes Mr. Denby, who has discharged the duties of the Chinese mission ably for the last twelve years. He is forty-two years old, and has gained, aside from his legal and political training, such further equipment for diplomatic work as may be derived from a considerable knowledge of European languages and foreign travel. Colonel Bryan is a graduate of the University of Virginia, and of the law department of Columbia College, New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1878 at Washington, D. C. He immediately afterward went to Colorado, and was made editor of the Denver *Inter-Ocean*, and at a later period of the *Colorado Mining Gazette*. He was elected to the Legislature, and became a notable member, but at the end of his term decided to return to his native State. Seven years later he was elected to the General Assembly, and he has served four terms, with great prominence as an effective debater and a wise law-maker, having been a very notable factor in all questions involved in labor legislation, in which he has always been keenly interested.

He was a salient figure in the hotly contested fight at Springfield, Illinois, which sent General Palmer to the United States Senate, and was no less prominent in his battle for the election of Palmer's successor, the present Senator Mason. It is said to be owing to the determined support of Secretary Gage and of Mr. Mason that his appointment as minister to China has been made in a candidature contested by more widely known rivals. It is much to Colonel Bryan's credit (he has his title from the fact that he has served on the staff of three successive Governors with this rank) that, though a consistent and ardent Republican, he has so far preserved his independence as to have been an obstinate opponent of the party machine in all matters of less than national import.

In 1890 the ambassador-elect canvassed England, France, Germany, and Scandinavia in the interest of the Columbian Fair, and he enjoyed a similar experience in 1891–2 as secretary of the commission of which his father, Hon. Thomas P. Bryan, was president, travelling then extensively through southern Europe. In the last Presidential canvass Colonel Bryan was a personage of confidential importance at Republican national headquarters, and became personally intimate with Senator Hanna and President McKinley. Though young for so important a trust, he is said to be well equipped by native talent and scholarly acquirement for its duties. The issues which are likely to arise, in the main dealing with the expansion of commercial relations, and problems of immigration which run close with labor questions at home, are matters to which the new diplomat, as asserted by his friends, has given special study.

THE GLOUCESTER DEATH LIST.

THE ancient ballad that appeals to gentlemen "who live at home at ease" without reflecting on the dangers of the seafaring life in its unromantic conditions especially, is suggested forcibly by the annual death list of Gloucester (Massachusetts) fishermen. There is tragedy as well as salt in the homely barrel of mackerel, and every cask of herring may have a sad tale in pickle. For the year ending September 30 last the town's record states eleven vessels and fifty-nine lives as lost. Out of this roll eighteen fishermen were swept overboard from their craft by high seas, fifteen were drowned in capsized smacks, five fell overboard, four died in their berths at sea, and a direful shipful of eighteen were never heard from after their sailing—the crew of the smack *Lizzie J. Greenleaf*.

Marton (Miss De Wolfe). Comtesse de Candale (Miss Irving). Comte de Candale (Mr. Drew). Jasmin (Mr. Henderson).

THE COMTESSE ANNOUNCES THAT SHE IS TO ATTEND THE MASKED BALL—ACT II.

THE DRAMA.

MR. SIDNEY GRUNDY deserves credit for an extremely clever piece of craftsmapship in his adaptation from the French of the elder Dumas, recently presented at the Empire Theatre by Mr. John Drew. *A Marriage of Convenience* is a delightful comedy of manners, simply constructed on the interplay of very few characters, and maintaining interest chiefly through the vigor and charm with which the two leading figures are delineated, and through the sparkle and polish of the dialogue. It is seldom that so artistic a work is seen on our stage, and the completeness with which it is presented makes the production exceptionally meritorious.

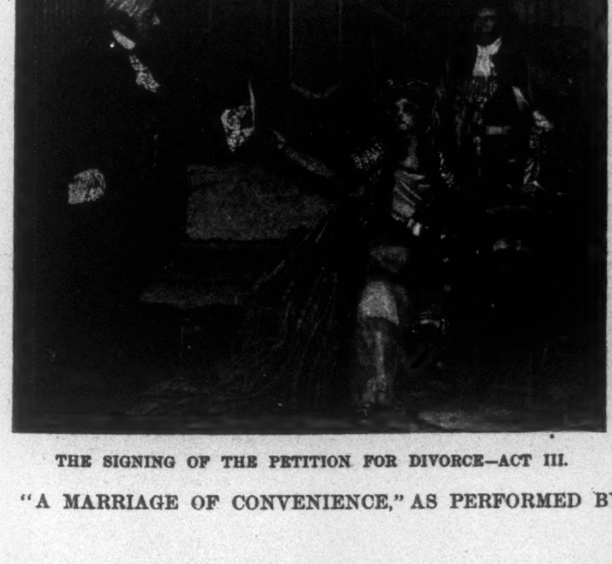
The action of the piece transpires in Paris during the time of Louis XV. The Comte de Candale contracts a marriage of convenience with a charming girl, fresh from the convent. He takes the marriage so lightly that on his wedding-day he makes an engagement to dine with a lady who is considerably more experienced and presumably older than his wife. Before he leaves, the Comtesse explains that she has a confession to make, and she tells him of a foolish love-affair she has had with the brother of one of her friends at the convent. He is greatly amused, but he departs with some reluctance. He is amused, too, when, by a happy chance, he discovers his wife's adorer in his friend the Chevalier de Valclos, who is still devoted, and with his bantering wit he contrives to make the Chevalier utterly ridiculous. The Comtesse, for her part, hears of the fascinating lady whom her husband admires, and the misunderstandings between the two lead to plans for divorce, though it is plain enough they are falling in love with each other. In reckless defiance of her husband, the Comtesse goes with the Chevalier to a masked ball, where she becomes the innocent cause of a duel, which the Chevalier proposes to fight in her behalf. By a clever contrivance, however, his place is gloriously taken by the Comte, and the marriage of convenience develops into a marriage of love.

Since Dumas treated this theme we have seen it in many forms, but rarely has it been handled so cleverly as in Mr. Grundy's adaptation. The first act is so brilliantly achieved that one almost forgets the absurdity of the Comte's leaving his wife to dine alone on her wedding-day, and thinks with delight of the charmingly natural development of the other episodes, and of the sparkle of the dialogue. In spite of its cleverness, the second act suffers by comparison. The scene in which the Comte turns the tables on the Chevalier, however, is quite up to the level of the earlier act. Indeed, the Chevalier displays such weakness here that one cannot take him seriously during the rest of the play, in which he continues to be an important factor. In the third and fourth acts the piece deteriorates; perhaps it would be too much to expect Mr. Grundy to maintain the high standard that he set himself. At any rate, the third act, with its introduction of the General, the Comte's old-fashioned uncle, who runs at once to the king to take the first steps for the securing of a divorce, approaches dangerously near the farcical; but it may find some excuse through preparing the way for the pretty scene where husband and wife broken-heartedly sign the petition signifying their desire to be torn apart. The last act plays briskly enough, and sustains the interest, though one can hardly admire the serene selfishness of the married lovers, who allow the Chevalier to be arrested for taking part in a duel which he was prevented from fighting, so that they may leave for their honey-moon.

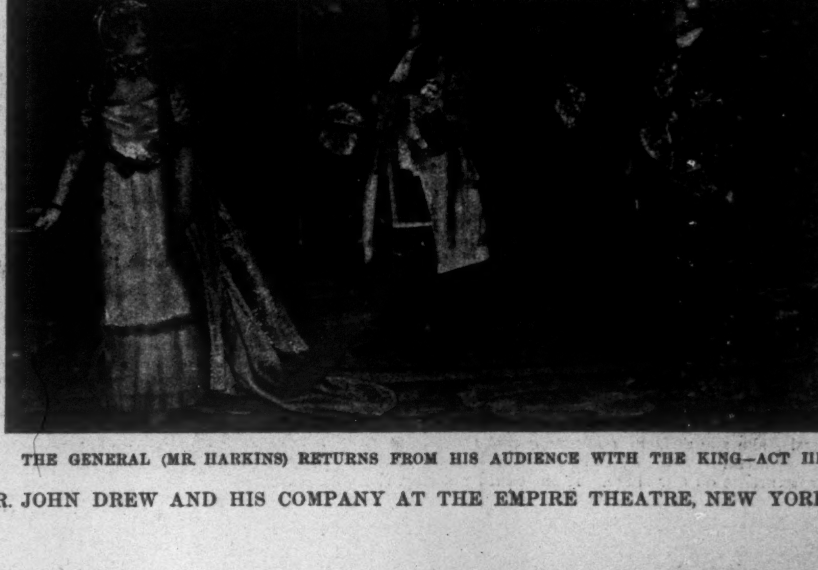
It is thankless, however, to pick flaws in a play of so many admirable qualities, especially when the flaws are so skilfully concealed by the excellence of the acting. The piece had evidently been rehearsed with minute care, and it moved as easily and naturally as a performance by one of the best French companies. The actors gave to it an effect of harmony that one rarely finds on our stage. It is true that Mr. Drew, as the Comte, stood out from the picture by the exquisite finish of his performance, yet all of the actors played well. Mr. Drew's interpretation left nothing to criticise; it was finely poised, vigorous, polished, full of nice contrasts, and lightened by a delicious humor. Our younger actors might take many profitable lessons from him, among others, in the importance and the charm of a clear enunciation. As the Comtesse, Miss Isabel Irving offered fresh evidence of the remarkable progress that she has made during the past few years. She played with great intelligence, with sympathy and skill, bringing out all the sweetness

MARTON AND JASMIN DANCE A MINUET—ACT I.

THE COMTE DETECTS MARTON CARRYING THE CHEVALIER'S LETTER TO THE COMTESSE—ACT III.



THE SIGNING OF THE PETITION FOR DIVORCE—ACT III.



THE GENERAL (MR. HARKINS) RETURNS FROM HIS AUDIENCE WITH THE KING—ACT III.

"A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," AS PERFORMED BY MR. JOHN DREW AND HIS COMPANY AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

and fineness of one of the most attractive characters presented on the stage in several years. As the Chevalier, Mr. Arthur Byron acted with considerable force, but in a manner that made an almost painful contrast with Mr. Drew's distinction of speech and bearing. Mr. D. H. Harkins was thoroughly competent in his characterization of the rather tiresome uncle from the provinces; Mr. Graham Henderson showed exceptional cleverness as Jasmin; and in the rôle of Marton, the maid, Miss Elsie de Wolfe acted with vivacity and looked very charming. With the exception of Mr. Drew, all the actors butchered the French words they had occasion to use. It is amusing to note the varieties on the stage in the pronunciation of *Monsieur*, one of the commonest words in the language, and altogether the most difficult. Only one scene was used in the piece, and that was thoroughly characteristic of a French *salon* of the period. The costumes were all marvels of richness and beauty, notably those displayed by Miss Irving, who made a series of lovely pictures, and by Mr. Drew, who wore them with grace.

The managers of the Criterion Independent Theatre, recently established in New York, showed poor judgment in their choice of play to inaugurate their series of performances during the present season. *John Gabriel Borkman*, produced on the afternoon of Thursday, November 18, at Hoyt's Theatre, is not only one of the least worthy of Ibsen's dramas, but absolutely unsuited to stage production. Like Ibsen's previous works, it places undue insistence on the darker phases of life, and for this reason it has received a great deal of criticism, severe enough, but having the effect of ignoring its inherent faults. Even if we accept the point of view of the dramatist, and judge the play by the standard of the results he aimed at, it must be regarded as a conspicuous disappointment. Far from being a triumph of realism, it is in many places as romantic as the work of some of our popular novelists of adventure.

John Gabriel Borkman is plainly designed as a study of the devastating effects of a colossal egotism. Though Borkman is not revealed to us until the second act, the shadow of his presence is on the scene from the rise of the curtain at the opening of the play, and the spectators can actually hear the sound of his footsteps as he paces up and down the gallery above. Those footsteps furnish the only dramatic material in the act, and they make a weird accompaniment to the story of his career, related by his wife and her sister, who have no love for each other because they have both loved him. Years before Borkman had robbed the bank in which he held a position of power, and since his release from prison he has kept himself confined in the house, eating his heart out. The second act really begins the drama, all that has gone before being merely explanatory, and reveals the spasmodic effort of Borkman to overcome his lethargy and to start the world afresh, ending in his death shortly after he has crossed the threshold of his home. Among the few redeeming features in the drama, which is chiefly developed through tedious situations distorted from nature, are the scenes in which Borkman's old friend, Vilhelm Foldal, figures, delightful in their simplicity and truth, and the death of Borkman at the close, which is strongly dramatic. In this last scene Ibsen offers evidence of that poetic genius which his Scandinavian admirers like to glorify; the description of his imaginary mines by Borkman, who has plainly been on the verge of mania from his first appearance, and is now stark mad, is a superb bit of writing, and in marked contrast with the slow-moving scenes that have gone before. The episodes introducing Borkman's cub of a son and the woman of dubious character whom he loved are not only ineffective dramatically, but wholly unconvincing. The piece was unevenly played, but Mr. E. J. Henley distinguished himself by a strong impersonation of the title part, Miss Carrie Keeler was delightfully natural as the dubious widow, and Mr. Albert Bruning gave a thoroughly lifelike characterization of Foldal.

At the Bijou Theatre last week Miss May Irwin appeared in a new farce, *The Swell Miss Fitzwell*, by Mr. H. A. Du Souchet. The piece, which was in many ways quite as preposterous as its title, would hardly deserve comment if it did not typify a certain kind of drama that has lately come into vogue in this country. It is founded on an impossible idea, through which impossible situations are achieved; yet, in spite of its vulgarity, much of its humor is extremely clever, and here and there are to be found many delightful touches of character. Such a piece would of course be received with utter bewilderment in a country like France, where the most turbulent farces are built so ingeniously on the foibles of human nature. This very fact, however, may be regarded as almost complimentary to Mr. Du Souchet's play, and to the many others like it which now decorate our stage. It calls attention to the absolutely original and native quality of the work, which appeals almost wholly for the creation of its humor to our American delight in the incongruous. It gives promise, moreover, of developing among our playwrights, skill in the making of genuine comedies of American life. If Mr. Du Souchet, for example, were to undertake a comedy, and were to put into it the skill in devising amusing episodes and bits of character that he has shown in his latest work, he might succeed in doing something altogether creditable.

The Swell Miss Fitzwell, however, is chiefly interesting for exploiting the abilities of an actress of unique talents, who during the past few seasons has won an important and a curious position on the stage. When Miss May Irwin appears before the foot-lights she adopts none of the tricks and the affectations by which so many performers strive to be attractive; on the contrary, she is natural. This is her charm, and in watching her you wonder why all actresses are not clever enough to be natural too. Miss Irwin, moreover, possesses an attractive presence, an agreeable voice, and an apparently spontaneous humor. She gives every one who sees her the impression that she is enjoying herself as well as the most amused spectator. It is not until you think how certain other actresses would play her part that you realize how fine her art is. She never seems to strive for effect, yet she is always effective. In her most delicious asides, in those little turns of speech that most actors spoil by overemphasis, she succeeds in conveying the exact impression. She certainly deserves to be recognized as one of the cleverest artists on our stage. If she could not sing, she would probably be more justly appreciated as an actress; and yet it is her singing that seems to give most pleasure to her audiences. Indeed, her rendering of negro songs should be treated as a talent apart, and a rare talent it is.

For the plot of *Miss Francis of Yale* Mr. Michael Morton, a new American playwright, has taken the unpleasant idea of a young man's being mistaken for a young woman, and he has devised a great many noisy situations, which are remarkable for their absurdity and lack of humor. As you follow the play you wonder why it fails so utterly to amuse. It is complicated, ingenious, and the characters, by various indirect means, keep telling the spectators that they ought to be laughing loudly, and these suggestions have the curious effect of deepening the gloom. As a matter of fact, in order to secure his situations, Mr. Morton has sacrificed every other consideration, and the result is a play, to be sure, but a play without life. Yet this first work shows that he has skill in construction, and if he will undertake to write on simpler lines, without placing reliance on noise and horse-play, he may retrieve his present failure.

The performers had the pitiful task of trying to make people of flesh and blood out of Mr. Morton's puppets, and if they failed the fault can hardly be laid at their door. Mr. Etienne Girardot, famous as Charley's Aunt, tried very hard to make the title part interesting, and under the circumstances he succeeded in displaying a surprising amount of vivacity.

Mr. Henry E. Dixey's début as a magician at the Garden Theatre last week calls attention to an unfortunate change in the career of one of the cleverest of our performers. Even if Mr. Dixey succeeds in his new undertaking, in which he certainly shows proficiency, his turning from the work he is best fitted for is still deplorable. While a member of Augustin Daly's stock company he displayed a talent for light comedy that placed him among the leading American actors, and if he had remained in this work he would undoubtedly have added to the reputation won years ago by his performances in burlesque. At present he offers the unpleasant spectacle of a misdirected talent.

John D. Barry.

BAIREUTH ECHOES.

The autumnal winds are whistling keenly among the Bavarian fir-trees that look down on Baireuth and the Wagner Theatre. The town has returned to its unmusical and industrious life, with the last of the recent festivals' foreign pilgrims and artists safe at home with his or her souvenirs and criticisms on which to ruminate. The German newspapers, however, are not yet silent as to the general effect of the performances, at least nominally in Wagner's honor, and much to the benefit of his family in 1897. Things are heard and said that are by no means feeble echoes of impressions and convictions, even when Baireuth is relinquished once more to desuetude and the Wagner family.

Of this year's cosmopolitan audiences, according to the industrious German statisticians of the Festival, the United States representation was, as usual, in generous proportion. Mr. Anton Seidl's share in the conducting quickened the interest of our countrymen and countrywomen. One of the cast in the Niebelung's Ring was Miss Weed, an American young lady. Our compatriots were generous in applause as well as subscriptions. Next in proportion of attendance were the English, and after them the French guests. The German and Austrian publics were least represented. As to the performances themselves, but little praise from those who really are intelligent in Wagner and his ideals can be extracted. The German critics of the best authority are cold, as recent years have left them, to the existing state of things at the Wagner Theatre or else severe. The performances included the Niebelungen Tetralogy and *Parsifal*. The cast of the latter included Marie Brema, who made her first attempt at the strong part of Kundry in *Parsifal* (perhaps Wagner's most subtle and appealing rôle, certainly one in which much is left dramatically to an artist's intellect and temperament), and with marked success. Singers in the full series were the Old Guard of Wagnerism, and some yet undetermined new recruits—the venerable Vogl, Van Dyk, Grüning, Burgstaller, Perron, Grengg, and Plank among the men; and among the women artists were most important Mesdames Brema and Gulbranson and Heinck-Schumann. The casts were by no means suitably filled up by drawing on sundry of Madame Wagner's other favorites. Neither Materna, Malten, Sucher, Alvary, Reichmann, Winkelmann, Gudehus, Lieban nor a dozen other ancient share-takers in the Festivals would or could be called to work this year. Siegfried Wagner made himself useful during most of the Festival directorially. Mr. Seidl is reported as saying kind things of his abilities.

What, pray, may have been the exact diction and the exact meaning of those hot words that Siegfried Wagner is reported to have uttered, scolding Germany for its stand-off attitude nowadays toward these Baireuth performances? Did young Herr Wagner mean his remarks not only for rebuke of the very justifiable sentiment in his own country as to the expediency of troubling one's head about the Festival? Or did he intend to remind us stanch patrons of *outre mer* of how much less discrimination are the hosts of "French, American, and British" patrons annually and lately found in their posts at the Fest? Here is Herr Wagner's language, at second or third hand reporting:

> The French have always been our most zealous adherents. Now, as always, the principal supporters of Baireuth are French, Americans, and British. Moreover, the English shame in every way the Germans, who are supine, while the German press is antagonistic. But it can continue to be so, for the more it abuses us the greater our success.
>
> You can also see now what a miserable state German music and German musicians are in. What are our national high-schools of music doing for us and our cause, and what have they done? Nothing. If they ever occupied themselves with the works of my father, they did it not out of conviction, but because they had to, for they would have disgraced themselves if they had stuck to their craziness or spitefulness.
>
> Get along with your Germans and Germanism! If it depended on them the existence of our *Festspiele* would long since have been endangered.

In other words, Wagnerism, at least under Baireuth conditions, is no longer supremely interesting to intelligent musical Germany. And worse to conclude, Wagnerism under such conditions is interesting to unintelligent and miscellaneous "French, Americans, and British."

Of Madame Wagner's Festival diplomatics, and her firmness in carrying them out, a fresh bundle of tales is in lively movement. One well-known French critic of them (the French now are in the van of sensitiveness to what concerns Wagnerian tradition and ideals) describes the system of private concessions as: "Why is Vogl allowed to sing youthful rôles? He is sixty. Why, because he will not sing Loge in *Das Rheingold* unless allowed other parts. Why does Madame Brema assume Kundry in *Parsifal* when her type and voice oppose? Because she will not undertake Fricka in the Ring unless promised Kundry. How comes it that Burgstaller is permitted to take Siegfried when he is not suited to it? Because Madame Wagner has promised Siegfried to Burgstaller, on condition that he will be ready to act as Van Dyk's or Grüning's alternative in *Parsifal* if necessary. Why should Miss Weed, a promising and pleasing singer, but not adapted at all to the part of Freia, be especially designated for that? Because Madame Wagner thinks it a good concession toward the American patrons. Why is such and such a weak or worn-out singer engaged and re-engaged, or a scene mounted wrong, or a bit of action of the drama totally misinterpreted? Because Madame Wagner insists that she holds the only true theory and construction of precedents for it from her husband's own instructions and wishes." All this is unpleasant criticism, but it is in close relation to truth. It is said that Mr. Seidl had those shrewd tilts with his eminent employer that were expected.

Madame Cosima Wagner, beyond a doubt, is a stage-manager *par excellence*. She shows the gift both when she is right and when—as unfortunately occurs often—she is quite wrong. At seventy she has an eye and a sense of picturesqueness and of color that few male managers can rival. But what Madame Wagner asserts as tradition, as Wagner's own ideas handed over to her as his vicegerent, too often is the fantasy of the hour and the suggestion of the moment. Unluckily, too, her sense of knowing all that is to be known does not remain restricted to costumes, groupings, and stage business. It reaches to the musical contents of the works, to phrasing, tempo, and much else. The artist who thinks to carry out his or her conception of a Wagnerian rôle is in for a hard time. There will be a battle—there will be many battles—and sooner or later it is apt to be Cosima Victrix. One of the shrewdest and most eminent of American singers, an artist to whom a Baireuth engagement and a Baireuth success were desirable as of the first value in a career of narrower scope, won her engagement and the desired triumph only by premising—not to say promising—that the artist would be "as wax" in Madame Cosima's hands. She was so, or seemed so; and by combining the wisdom of the serpent with the mild-mannered demeanor of a dove, the Baireuth triumph and *réclame* were achieved.

As to Madame Emma Gulbranson, who has been singing with good commendations at the last two or three Festivals, she appears to have a real Wagnerian future before her. She is a Norwegian of high family, and much more an amateur than a professional singer, so far as her living by and on the stage is concerned. She sings scarcely anywhere except at the Baireuth performances, being the wife of a Scandinavian officer; and her passion for Wagner, and for Wagner only, with its consequent visits to Baireuth, gradually induced her to study Wagner's works seriously. Presently she attracted the attention of Madame Wagner, and—almost before she knew it—Madame Gulbranson was a Baireuth dramatic soprano. She is a stately and beautiful woman and a hard student.

Even the chorus of this year's Festival was ungraciously received—at least, so far as the looks of its membership were in criticism. Writes one guest: "The flower girls in *Parsifal* surrounded the coy hero with a knot of old nurses and of Don Quixotic inn-servants. There was small temptation in such a spectacle, that reminded me of the famous defile of vegetables in the ballet of Offenbach's *Le Roi Carrotte*."

Apropos of the Wagner Theatre doings for 1897, the *Gazzetta Musicale* of Milan, a prominent Italian journal as to musical matters in general, and as to the interests of the notable firm of publishers Ricordi & Lucca in particular, is authority for the statement that Mr. Walter Damrosch made to the heirs of Richard Wagner a new and unaccepted offer for the American rights of *Parsifal*. The announcement speaks definitely of the price as $250,000. At the same time crops up again the announcement that Mr. Maurice Grau has been negotiating the same score for performance under Mr. Seidl in 1898–9, with either Ernest van Dyk or Jean de Reszke in the title part; and that Madame Wagner is favorably inclined to the arrangement. Unless the Wagnerian family are going out of the business of Baireuth Festivals, it would seem a curiously unwise concession to sell for American production the work that draws to Baireuth in its declining prestige more Americans than does any other Wagner drama. Unless, too, a new view of the matter has been taken at Munich, and fresh arrangements are put into black and white, however soon *Parsifal* shall be imported into America, it cannot legally be performed anywhere except at Baireuth until it has been given a certain number of representations at the Munich Opera-house. An agreement of long standing adjusted this matter with the Wagner heirs in days when Baireuth and Munich were not fighting-centres of Wagneristic cult.

The announcement is already made that there will be no reproductions at the Wagner Theatre until 1899. This declaration, and its withdrawal, say in the month of January, are almost as periodic press statements as used to be the news that Boito had finished his *Nero* for performance, or that Verdi was completing a *King Lear*. On this occasion, however, there would seem to be a chance that the Festival will be intermitted. There are ungracious memoirs enough of the Festival of 1897.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

THE impression that there was something to smile at in the success of Dr. Evans, the famous American dentist of Paris, got very little support in the newspaper notices which followed the doctor's death on November 14. Dr. Evans was the Fortunatus of dentists. Every one has heard of him, and knows that he set up shop in Paris, formed a friendship with Napoleon III., and presently with Eugénie, and in due time became familiar with the inside of almost every crowned head in Europe. That he grew rich is also matter of public knowledge, especially since he visited this country about a year ago, when estimates of the size of his fortune were very generally printed in the newspapers. It will be understood that he was a good dentist, or he would not have done such an excellent business, but outside of that he must have been a great deal of a man, shrewd, kind, faithful, and very interesting and agreeable. His biography, so far as it has transpired, is full of stories of opportunities grasped, emergencies met, and friendships with royalties and notable people. All the back stairs of Europe, and pretty much all the front stairs too, seem to have been accessible to Dr. Evans, yet he appears not to have been a bit of a snob, but companionable with all sorts of people, and very ready to spend for the poor the money he made among the rich. It is notable, too, that though he spent most of his life in Europe, he held steadfastly to his birthright as an American citizen. It is stated that he wrote his memoirs, and if so, they ought to make a very entertaining book.

DR. THOMAS W. EVANS.
Photo. by Gutekunst.

It is said that he inherited a friendship for the Bonaparte family from his father, Major William M. Evans, of Philadelphia, who had been a friend of Joseph Bonaparte during his residence in this country. Dr. Evans was born in 1823, in Philadelphia. His professional education included a short apprenticeship to a silversmith and a course of instruction in medicine. He distinguished himself very early by his skill in dentistry, and took a gold medal when he was eighteen years old, for artistic filling of teeth with gold. After several years of practice he went to Paris with his wife, to take part in a convention of dentists, and finding good opportunities there, he staid there. Louis Napoleon, then the new Prince-President, came to him; Eugénie was his patient before she married the Emperor; and it was not long before he had charge of the teeth of most of the reigning families of Europe. To have the ear of royalty has often been profitable, much more so to have the mouth. Dr. Evans's patients seemed all to become his friends. His fees were enormous, and his investments were successful, and he made a fortune, though whether it was as great a one as rumor says ($25,000,000) is yet to be seen.

Among his exploits, those most familiar are his service in getting the Empress out of Paris when the empire fell in, and his sitting up all night to make the silver tube for the tracheotomy operation which Sir Morell Mackenzie performed on the Emperor Frederick.

He did an important service to this country during the civil war, when he came over to report the state of things to Louis Napoleon. The Emperor was inclined to recognize the South, but Dr. Evans's representations are believed to have prevented it. While in Philadelphia at that time Dr. Evans was active in the work of the Sanitary Commission.

He is said to have been very charitable with his left hand while his right was otherwise occupied. He established the Lafayette Home for American girl students in Paris. His visit here last year was to bury his wife in American soil, and it was reported that at that time he arranged that much of his fortune should be devoted to educational uses in this country.

One has to go back to the story of Count Rumford to find a career of an American in Europe to compare with that of Dr. Evans's, and of the two Dr. Evans's is the more satisfactory, as having no tinge of Toryism about it. Dr. Evans had a remarkable collection of decorations which had been bestowed upon him by grateful sovereigns. It is even said that Napoleon III. made him a peer of France, but if that is so he never used his title. His body will be brought to this country for burial.

News comes from Cambridge that the big red Harvard "H's" have been stripped off the sweaters of the Harvard football team as a reminder (*lucus à non lucendo*) to the players that they should have won the game with Yale. The expediency of this sort of discipline was probably considered by the football authorities before action was taken, but it strikes a layman as adapted to induce a sort of desperation that may impair the self-restraint which is indispensable to the prosperity of the game. There seem to be voices in Cambridge which maintain that the scalping or lynching of a coacher might be a more effectual means of getting the requisite "ginger" into Harvard's play, but that is a matter as to which the doctors of football should be best qualified to judge, and the doctors and coachers being identical, self-discipline does not seem to attract them. Meanwhile the *Evening Sun* reports that the Harvard players have received the cabled condolences of Li Hung-Chang.

These three names of players are conspicuous in the accounts of the Yale-Harvard game: Bouvé, Doucette, De Saulles. All were men of note in that game, the first being especially active for Harvard, the last for Yale. All three names are French, and probably imply French descent; yet we have been used to think of football as the game of all games that called for Anglo-Saxon qualities.

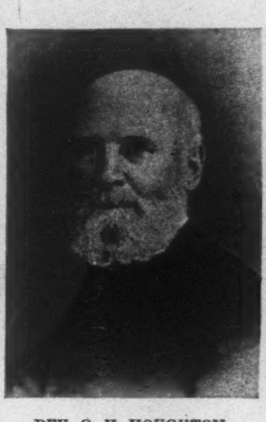
M. Brunetière, douce man, has begun to write in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* his impressions of America, and reports that the unexpected which he had been taught to expect did not happen to him, and that he found what he saw of the United States not unlike what he had been used to see at home and in other civilized countries. But, alas! our friends in Europe will remind him that he came to New York before the great Tammany victory, and that it is only a matter of a month or two now before barbarism in its most obtrusive forms will abound in the American metropolis, and more or less over all America. There are really more evidences of despair in London over the Tammany victory than in New York.

It has been a great month for Carrère & Hastings, architects. They won, on November 12, in the competition of designs for the new Public Library on the reservoir site at Forty-second Street, and again, a few days later, in the competition for the new building of the National Academy of Design on Amsterdam Avenue at 110th Street. Both of these competitions were notable and highly satisfactory. The conditions of that for the Public Library building have been heretofore recorded in the WEEKLY. Of the contestants who entered the final competition, the three whose plans were preferred by the jury of award were Carrère & Hastings, Howard & Cauldwell, and McKim, Mead, & White. Of the accepted design the jury said: "It is distinctly the best of the designs submitted, and of very exceptional merit in every respect. It would give the city of New York an entirely satisfactory and practical working library, and at the same time a beautiful and monumental building."

As to the competition between six firms of architects for the Academy of Design building, Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith, secretary of the council of the academy said, "In my estimation, and in the estimation of the council, this was the finest competition of the sort that ever took place in this country, and the highest standard of beauty and excellence has been attained."

It is proposed to raise a fund as a memorial of Henry George. A circular has been issued, signed by Mayor Strong, Messrs. Seth Low, Charles Stewart Smith, T. L. Johnson, William Lloyd Garrison, and others, which alludes to Mr. George's death, "directly caused by his self-sacrificing exertions for the public good," and to his unselfish sacrifice of his personal interests for twenty-five years past for the sake of what he believed to be the highest good of his fellow-men. It proposes, as the fittest memorial, a provision by public subscription to put his widow in such a position of comfort as she would have enjoyed if her husband had devoted his powers to the interests of his family instead of to humanity at large. George F. Peabody, 27 Pine Street, New York, is treasurer of the fund, and receives subscriptions.

Dr. George H. Houghton, of New York, who died on November 17, was very widely and affectionately known as the rector of the Little Church Around the Corner. The story of how his church (the Church of the Transfiguration) came to have that name is told in Joseph Jefferson's Memoirs. In 1870, when George Holland, the actor, died, Mr. Jefferson, who had charge of his funeral, went to the rector of a church on Madison Avenue and asked him to conduct the services. The clergyman declined to put himself to trouble to bury a stranger, and an actor at that, and being asked who would be a proper person for Mr. Jefferson to apply to, said, "There is a little church around the corner where they do such things." It was Dr. Houghton's church, and from it was buried George Holland, and in the course of time thereafter many other actors and writers whose friends, though often not attached to any church, appreciated Christian burial.



REV. G. H. HOUGHTON.
Photo. by Rockwood.

Dr. Houghton was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, in 1820, was graduated from the University of New York, and ordained a priest in 1846. Two years later he organized the Church of the Transfiguration, which settled on its present site in East Twenty-ninth Street in 1850. From his earliest service in the ministry Dr. Houghton became known for his readiness to respond to any call that was made upon him in his capacity as a priest. In his younger days he was often called to visit the sick in Bellevue Hospital, and in the east-side districts near his church. When the war broke out he was chaplain, without pay, of the first military hospital in New York, and during the draft riots he was bold and efficient in protecting the negroes. His notion of his calling was that there was no sinner so sinful as to be shut out from his ministry in time of need, and no place too unhallowed to be visited on a priestly errand. He was greatly beloved and respected as a clergyman devoted to his faith and his calling, of sincere and unpretentious piety, and of a charity broad enough to cover a multitude of other people's sins.

With him in his ministry has of late been associated his nephew, the Rev. George C. Houghton, who will doubtless be his successor.

The American cigarette-makers are putting themselves to trouble and expense to deny that any poison, other than tobacco, is used in their cigarettes. Cigarettes make so much mischief in some cases as to encourage credulity as to the devilish ingredients that they contain. Possibly some cigarettes are drugged, but there are good common-sense reasons for believing that almost all of them have nothing worse in them than mild Virginia tobacco. The reason why they have an effect different from that of cigars is because they are differently used. Most smokers of cigarettes inhale the smoke from them, but cigar smoke is seldom inhaled by any smoker. It is too strong to inhale, and it produces a sufficient effect without being taken into the lungs.

Where cigarettes do most of their mischief is with young boys. They are poisonous to little boys, deleterious to big boys, ruinous to weak boys, and disadvantageous to all boys. Maybe they are disadvantageous to men also, but the men are tougher, and as compared with boys have better judgment about smoking. If cigarettes are to be damned, it is more efficacious to damn them with faint praise than with untruths. It is matter of common observation that the moderate use of them by adult persons is not inconsistent with an appearance of fair health and with a considerable measure of mental activity.

Arnold Boecklin, Swiss artist, had the happiness last month to have his seventieth birthday celebrated as a high festival in his native city of Basel by his fellow-townsmen, who were proud of the pictures he had painted, and the fame they had brought to him, and through him to the town of Basel. Basel, in 1827, when Boecklin was born there, was a little old mediæval walled town given over to conservatism, and governed under republican forms by an aristocracy. Now it has boiled over its ramparts and is a modern city, with 100,000 inhabitants, electric cars, boulevards, parks, and all appropriate embellishments.

Boecklin showed early talent in drawing, but he was one of a large family, and his father, poor and very practical, was little disposed to encourage art. But when, at seventeen, the young painter left school with no thought of doing anything but learn to paint, friends helped him, and the father let him go to Dusseldorf to be a pupil of the landscape-painter Schirmer. Thence he managed in 1847 to get to Brussels, Antwerp, and Geneva, and the next year to Paris, supporting life somehow by his art. Then back on foot to Basel, and in 1850 across the Alps to Italy, where, three years later, he married an Italian lady.

In 1857 a prospect of better times brought him and his family back to Basel, thence to Hanover, where he had a commission, and presently to Munich, when the King of Bavaria became his patron. For two years he was a professor in Weimar Academy. Then back to Rome, until, in 1866, bad times sent him home to Basel again, and from there to Munich. Later he spent ten years in Florence, then seven years in Zurich, and finally, his health being somewhat broken, he returned in 1892 to Italy, and settled in Florence to end his days.

He was too infirm to come from there to the celebration of his birthday in Basel, but his son represented him, and the occasion was as rapturously improved as though he had been part of it. There was an exhibition in the Kunsthalle of as many of his pictures as could be collected, a play in his honor was acted in the theatre, and after that a great banquet was followed by speeches and by tableaux and living pictures from Boecklin's paintings. A gold medal was conferred, and received by the son in his father's stead. The President of the republic and many distinguished strangers were there, and all in praise of a painter who had done credit to his birthplace. A painter, it seems, is not without honor even in his own country, provided that country is Switzerland. Still, it was slow work for Boecklin to win Basel. His friends there were always his friends, but the doubters doubted until his talent and his success were past all question. Then probably they died. It was his advantage that he survived them.

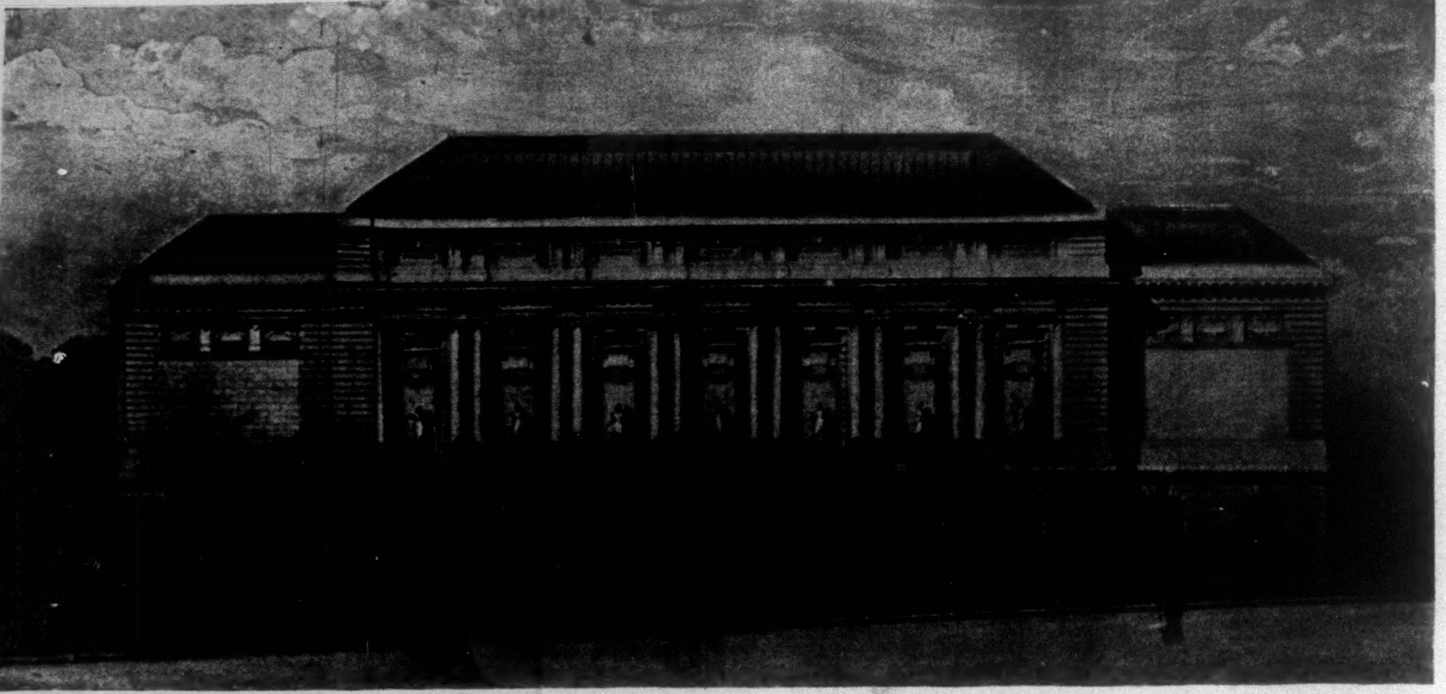
At the meeting of the trustees of Columbia, on November 14, the resignation of President Low, offered in consequence of his running for Mayor, was withdrawn at the request of the trustees. It's an ill wind that has nothing in it for Columbia.

It is of course rash to comment on anything that any preacher is reported to have said in the pulpit unless one has some sort of affidavit that the report is accurate. No such affidavit comes with the report of Dr. Felix Adler's observations at Carnegie Hall on Sunday morning, November 15, but they sound as if Dr. Adler might have said them. He offered as a substitute for religious whose vital force is in a personal God, a religion in which the place of God is taken by the state. He thinks men are gradually passing from their belief in a personal God, and that the religions based on that belief are losing vitality. So he says:

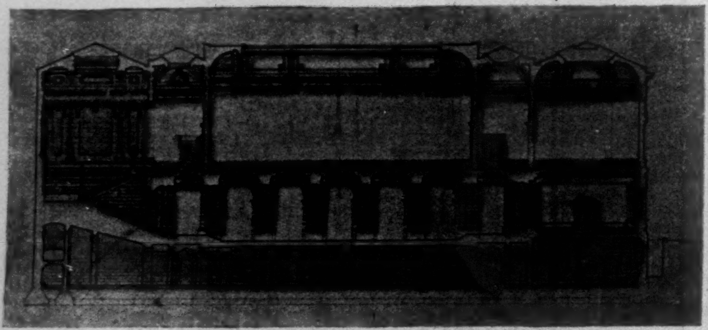
> "In the state let us find the personal deity which is passing out of men's lives. Let the state be the object of our worship. Let us make it sacred, and when we have done so the state will have taken the place of the personification. Let the state be that personification."

That may be a suitable religion for some persons who live within easy reach of Carnegie Hall and have plenty of state within sight to pray to, but any individual of them who was cast on a desert island where the entire state was himself would be embarrassed. Somehow there seems to be a suggestion of getting to heaven by pulling at one's boot straps about Dr. Adler's plan. It is quite true that we cannot love God without loving our neighbor, and that we cannot show our love for God so well in any way as by giving evidence of our love for our neighbor. It is also true that when we love and serve the state intelligently we do our neighbor a most important service. Yet the deification of the state seems hardly likely to appeal to many Americans, if for no other reason, for this, that though the idea of God has perhaps in some measure taken new form in the minds of modern men, for most of us its vital force remains, and seems likely to remain as long as men do.

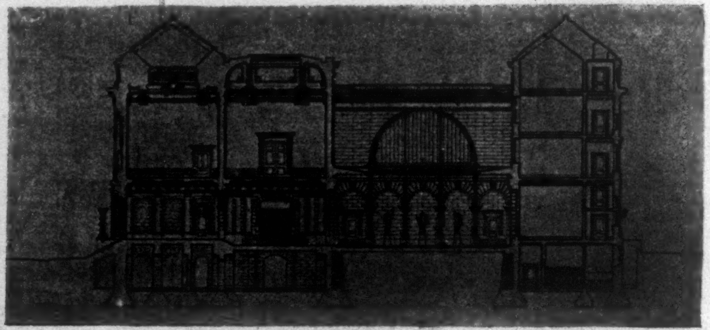
Intending travellers who begin to think of a winter migration to Italy will find a new show in Rome in the Borgia rooms in the Vatican, which, according to the New York *Herald*, have lately been opened to the public after being tight closed for four centuries. It will be remembered that the Borgias started a sort of Tammany Hall at Rome, the father being Pope and the children the rest of the government. Many of their public works were good, but their personal shortcomings in private life are familiar to all readers. The apartments lately opened were



FRONT ELEVATION, ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH STREET.



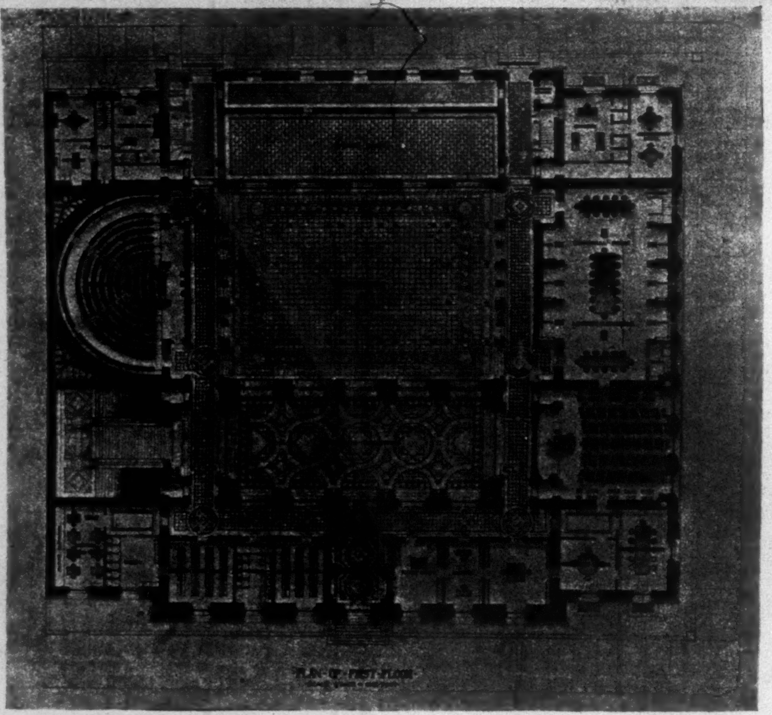
LONGITUDINAL SECTION.



TRANSVERSE SECTION.

built and decorated for Lucretia Borgia. There are six rooms, and the frescoes in them by Pinturicchio kept that artist busy for six years. Cæsar Borgia posed to him for male saints, Lucretia, and Julia Farnese for "lady saints." The pictures were beautiful, but after the Borgias had all been poisoned off or otherwise dispersed, it was felt that the rooms were not a credit, morally, to the Vatican and the Church which has its headquarters there. Now, four centuries later, they have been opened, on the ground, perhaps, that they have done penance long enough, and that the world is wise enough now to make allowances.

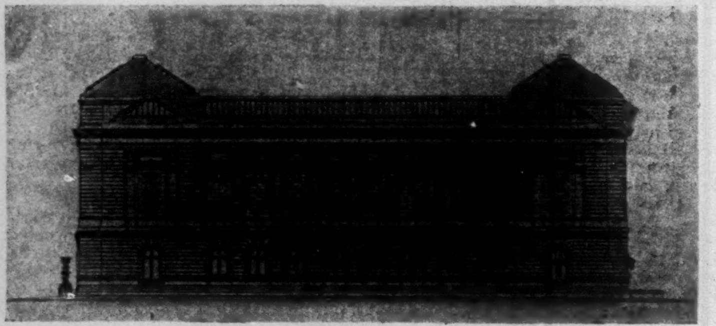
Hamilton College, at Clinton, New York, celebrated, on November 16, the dedication of two new halls, built for the college by two lawyers of New York. The giver of the Root Hall of Science is Mr. Elihu Root, and Mr. Henry Harper Benedict gave the Benedict Hall of Languages. The cost of these halls was about $30,000 each, and both donors expressed themselves as highly gratified with their investments. President Stryker, with timely forethought, mentioned a golf-course, a swimming-tank, a bowling-alley, and "a splendid campanile-tower," with a chime of bells in it, as properties conducive to education of which the college could make advantageous use.



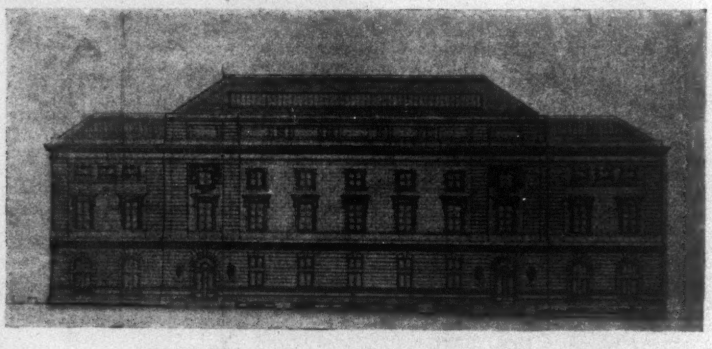
Mr. F. Marion Crawford has high hopes of the future of American literature. He has been lecturing in Chicago on "Italian Life in the Middle Ages." At a dinner given to him a fortnight ago by the Chicago Press Club he proclaimed his conviction that "we have just begun to feel what we may do in letters, in art, in all that is the aim of the higher man," and that we are justified in expecting "a civilization, a literature, an art broader in purpose and deeper in meaning than any that has gone before."

The holiday-book counters are to have this year some excellent picture-books by American artists—among them Mr. R. F. Zogbaum's *All Hands* (Harpers), which includes many of his pictures of the war-ships of the American navy, and life and times aboard them. Mr. Zogbaum gives us the navy in peace from close and accurate observation, and war scenes by the help of an instructed imagination. His book abounds in lively and important documents, and gives one a better notion of our navy than much printed language and many figures.

E. S. MARTIN.



SIDE ELEVATION.



ONE HUNDRED AND NINTH STREET ELEVATION.

THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN ON MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, NEW YORK.

CARRÈRE & HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS.—[SEE PAGE 1182.]

A LOYAL USURPER.

BY EVA WILDER BRODHEAD.

THE house was old, with a well-kept air about its flowery front yard and neatly painted shutters and shining brass door-plate. The dull blue shades were all drawn precisely to the sill. At the sides of the narrow walk grass grew smooth as velvet. It was plain that children's feet never trod those crisp green blades. On either side of the trim garden space brand-new cottages lifted their smart walls in the cheap bravery of buff and lavender stains and tiny decorative porches. Their yards were unswarded, and the sallow tone of the fresh sod seemed to fix the color scheme of the general landscape. Everywhere were buildings in various stages of completion. Some, already roofed, slanted golden reaches of shingles against the late afternoon sky. Others barred the outlook with trellises of russet-hued beams. The very fields skirting the old Indiana town were ploughed up in definite strips of dense yellow—the primitive stage of what in a few more weeks would be new streets.

Wherever these heaving molelike tracks crossed each other rose an iron standard. Every pole, though the sun had not yet gone below the level horizon, already flamed with a pale violet tuft of natural gas, which fluttered upward like a great spectral iris. Here and there the view disclosed the skeleton outworks of a gas well, the tall breathless chimneys of one of the numerous factories which cheap fuel had brought to the place.

A middle-aged woman, coming hurriedly up the old brick pavement, paused suddenly as a sound like a clap of underground thunder rumbled forth upon the silence.

"They're letting off one of the new wells," she decided. "I suppose there's a party of Eastern capitalists about, and they're being shown the town. Seems as if I'll never get used to the noise and to-doings that's been going on here since gas was discovered." She sighed, and laid her hand on the gate of the old house.

A subdued and almost reverential air appeared to descend upon her as she went up the garden path. She glanced at the front door and the drawn blinds.

"I guess I better go round to the side," she muttered. "I don't believe they use this door since—" She broke off short. The white panel had swung back a little, and the opening revealed a small spare figure of a woman in black. A face of gentle aspect, with mouse-like tones of hair and skin, peered from the dark hallway.

"I saw you open the gate," said a flat full voice from within. "Come this way, Mrs. Haynes. Might as well. I was sitting in the parlor looking at Nellie's picture, and thinking how different things were last fall when she was with us. Oh me!—"

Mrs. Haynes advanced into the shaded room, from the darkness of which her hostess's quavering tones issued with the sighing intonations of a passionless despair. The place was full of dense indigo shadows, which made the stiff lace curtains look as if woven of heavy blue cotton. This same cheerless color touched on the polished sides of the closed piano, and lingered in a ghostly way about a knot of white ribbon with which the key was tied. About the shut case a wreath of white flowers glimmered from the glass of a deep walnut frame. Mrs. Haynes regarded it respectfully. She remembered that the Chautauqua circle, of which Nellie was a member, had sent that garland of immortelles on the day of the funeral.

"How well they've kept!" she said.

"They have so," acquiesced the other, with sad resignation, as if she felt a certain incongruity in the fact.

"I look at 'em every day. It's about all the comfort I get, except from her picture. We've had it done in crayon. Over the mantel there."

The two women rose and tiptoed across the soft carpet. The plump smiling face of a young woman with tightly braided black hair, and a square, determined kind of chin, regarded them from the gilt-papered wall.

"It's the very image of her at sixteen," said Mrs. Green, in a hysterical key. "Seems like I can't realize that she'll never walk in here no more and open the pyano and play 'Love's Dream.' Seems like I can *not*. I'd got to depend on her so it's like I don't know how to tie my own bunnit strings even. Dear oh!"

"You've nothing to regret," consoled the other. "Nellie had everything. She took music and china-painting. You couldn't of humored her more if she'd been your own child."

"I felt like she was," broke in Mrs. Green. "I felt so ever since the day me and Mr. Green went to the Methodist church to see the children that Boston orphan asylum had brought West to find homes for. The very minute I laid eyes on Nellie I says to Green, 'Miles,' says I, 'my heart fairly goes out to that little black-eyed girl third from the end.' We'd none of our own, and we took Nellie. Oh me! She was nineteen when she died, Mrs. Haynes, and just beginning to have company. And pneumonia took her off in less than a week!"

"There now, Mrs. Green! don't you give way so. She'd of married—"

"She wasn't engaged, Mrs. Haynes."

"I thought her and Floyd Mook had it settled?"

"No, 'm. He thought heaps of her and all that, but 'twa'n't exactly settled. We was pleased to have her take up with Floyd. He's such a good man. Nellie was very winning. There was George Stickney—dissipated young scamp he is—he had a fancy for her too. But Mr. Green just put his foot down. He said Stickney shouldn't come to the house. And Nellie, she gave right in. She was real good about obeying her father when he spoke firm. And Stickney went out to Idybo, and Mook began to call in of Friday nights. Oh, it does seem as if things wasn't always ordered just right! It does—it—"

"Mrs. Green—"

"I can't help it!"

"You ought to go out more and see folks. Or have some cheerful young person— Look here, Mrs. Green! I was never no hand to beat round the bush. I came here this afternoon of an errand." She paused impressively. "Yes, 'm, I did. I said to my daughter this morning that it wouldn't do no hurt to broach the subject. It's like this: You've done nothing this last year but shut yourself up and mourn. You're alone too much. You need company. Mr. Green is only home of nights. And there's Stasia Ball sewing herself to a shadow—poor little soul!—and I don't see why you shouldn't give Stasia a home—"

"Mrs. Haynes!"

"You just wait. Stasia's seventeen, and sweet as a peach blossom. She's been on her own resources since old Ball died. And those Hesters she lives with are reg'lar drivers. She's fairly wasting away."

"It's no use talking! I wouldn't hear to any one's taking Nellie's place. I wouldn't put such a slight on her. I've nothing against Stasia Ball. I remember her as a child playing round that ramshackle house where the Balls lived. She was a pretty little thing, but sort of cold and quiet and shy. I never liked shy children. Nellie was so affectionate, and as open as the day. She never kept a thought from me in her life."

"If you'd think over—"

"No, Mrs. Haynes. I've no call to think it over. I know my mind."

The neighbor woman rose with dignity. She cast a glance toward the crayon portrait. Nellie's eyes seemed to observe her with amused scorn. In the pictured features was a comfortable complacency, as if Nellie considered the gloom and silence of the place a fitting tribute to her absence. It was only meet that sunshine and music should have ceased with her; that the curtains should be forever drawn, the piano forever locked. Nellie had always borne herself with this air of assured desert. She had swayed a despotic sceptre in the house of her adoption. She had worn the purple with such dignity as those only can assume who are not born to it.

"'OH, DON'T LOOK AT IT!' SHE SOBBED; 'DON'T!'"

"I will say good-day," remarked Mrs. Haynes, in remote accents of injury.

She had started forth with a great warmth of philanthropy in her bosom, and she felt as a personal grievance Mrs. Green's rejection of her benevolent idea. As she plodded down the walk she heard the door shut behind her. It was something darker now, and the failing lilac flames of the gas-poles had changed to bright scarlet, which sheered out in the summer breeze, or turbaned the posts in silken red, or broke into rosy strands and whirled downward like the twisting ribbons of a May-pole. The distant sky blazed with what resembled a row of great crimson suns swinging at the verge of the flat black meadows.

Men were coming up the street from the business part of the town. One of these, a big man with a grizzling beard, stopped at the gate which Mrs. Haynes was unlatching.

"That you, Mr. Green?" she asked. "I just been calling on your wife. What say? Yes, she seemed pretty lonely. Well, it's her own fault. I had a plan—" She touched his sleeve and poured forth the story. "It would of been the very thing. But she cut me off short. I d' know but I'd ought to of expressed myself real strong."

"I wish she'd of taken to the notion," sighed Green. He had been fond of Nellie. In her lifetime he had shaved much oftener than seemed to him at all necessary. But his first sharp sense of sorrow had lapsed to a moderated sentiment of regret, and his wife's persistent loyalty of sorrow disturbed and oppressed him.

"Miles Green," pealed the voice of his neighbor, "if I was you I'd go and bring Stasia Ball right home. Your wife 'd think everything of her in a month. You go and ask Stasia to make her home with you for six months."

"I d' know's I'd like to risk it."

"You go on. You get Stasia, and see how the plan works."

Green, as he sat at tea that night, kept turning Mrs. Haynes's suggestion in his mind. He glanced furtively at his wife's pale cheeks and lax eyelids.

"She needs company," he considered. And then a sudden resolve printed itself on his face. "I'll do it," he said, and he looked as he had looked on the occasion when he forbade young Stickney the house.

The next day, as the countless factory whistles of the town were blowing the hour of noon, Mrs. Green, who was setting forth the table for dinner, heard voices in the side entry. In a moment her husband came into the room.

"Annie," he said, "Stasia Ball's in the sitting-room."

"Stasia Ball!"

"Look here, Annie." He caught her objections on the breath. "She's in there. I've asked her to stay for six months. If we all get on well, why, all right. If not—" He spread his hands.

Mrs. Green stood staring. She looked rigid as granite.

Then she started and passed her husband and went into the next room.

Stasia Ball rose at her entrance from the edge of a chair. She was a slight young girl, with scared brown eyes and a lot of very light hair. Her childlike lips trembled a little. Her hands were shaking also, and she wrapped them in an end of the drapery on her poor gown.

Mrs. Green looked over the girl's head.

"You've been asked to make your home here for the present," she signified. "We'll have to try to get on as well as we can."

Stasia drew a quivering breath.

"I don't want to stay unless you like to have me," she murmured.

Mrs. Green regarded her as if she were a part of the distant landscape.

"I'll show you to a room," she said. But her eyes flooded as she went up the stairs. If Nellie only knew that this strange girl were being conducted to the very chamber which had been hers! There were her bookshelves, her tidies, the green bedroom furniture decorated with a conceit of cherries which Nellie had herself selected. There was, however, no other room to give Stasia, and Mrs. Green, mute with tears, waved the girl across the threshold. She watched Stasia take off her shabby little hat, but as the pale pretty face mirrored itself in the glass which had so often given back Nellie's round rosy visage, Nellie's foster-mother felt the sight to be too much for her, and she turned and fled.

"How's things working?" anxiously asked Mrs. Haynes, waylaying Green one morning along in July. Green assumed a serious aspect.

"I'm afraid it won't be a go," he deliberated. "Stasia's a real sweet little thing, but m' wife she's steeled against her. She thinks the poor child aims to take Nellie's place."

"Huh! I hoped everything was working well. Mrs. Green's got Stasia fixed up real tasty—a new hat and all."

"M—yes. She won't see her want for anything." But he shook his head. He had heard Stasia thank his wife for some articles of attire, and Mrs. Green had replied coldly that she hoped she knew her duty. Stasia had drawn a quick breath as she turned hastily away. There was a blue ribbon in her yellow hair, and Mrs. Green, looking after her, had noted its effect with something like approbation.

"Blue's your color, Stasia," she remarked. "I guess I'll get you a blue cashmere dress this fall. A dark one," she added, severely, as Stasia's eyes brightened, "so's it'll be useful to you when you leave us." Stasia's cheeks paled.

"I've been real happy here," she said, slowly. "I'll never forget your kindness to me when I— Oh, I know how I must seem to you!—taking Nellie's room and—and—" She wheeled round and shut the door of the chamber in question.

Mrs. Green listened for a moment. She felt herself the victim of an unnatural desire to turn the knob and go in and comfort Stasia. But something which she called reason came to her aid, and she went instead to the parlor and sat down and looked at the crayon portrait. She had a guilty sense that Nellie's eyes regarded her reproachfully. And, indeed, she was aware of having been quite pleased when the new minister's wife said to her, on the preceding Sunday, "How sweet-looking your daughter is, Mrs. Green!"

She had been pleased also when Stasia was asked to sing in the choir, and still more pleased at the girl's looks as she stood singing with the others, straight and fair and almost angelic in her white muslin gown and flowery hat.

"She is kind of soft and still," said Mrs. Green to herself—"one of the sort that hasn't much feeling for any one, and somehow slip through the world easy and turn everything to their own advantage. Not much like you, Nellie—frank soul that you were, and warm-hearted! Oh, my daughter! my Nellie!"

But notwithstanding this analysis of Stasia's characteristics, Mrs. Green grew aware, as fall came round, that she would miss the girl when the last of the six months should end. This fact dawned accurately upon her one night as she sat by herself awaiting Stasia's return from choir-meeting. She was lonesome, yet she felt vexed to find herself listening for Stasia's step on the walk. Presently she heard the gate swing open. Some one was talking just outside the window.

"It's early yet," said a man's voice. "May I come in a little while?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't," replied Stasia, hastily. "I—well, good-night, Mr. Mook."

Mrs. Green's heart leaped high, and then stood quite still. It was Floyd Mook—that man outside, who had brought Stasia from choir-meeting. Not only Nellie's place, but Nellie's lover also, this girl had taken. The woman had a sense of suffocation. Stasia came lightly in. Her cheeks were flushed. Some strands of bright hair defined the bisquelike texture of her white forehead.

"I hurried—" she began; and then she paused, aghast at the inflexible lines of Mrs. Green's face. Mrs. Green's stony eyes roved from the living beauty of the bright young face in the doorway to the glassed immortelles above the piano and the white knot upon the piano key. The roar of the gas in the shining mixer of the hall stove seemed to her like the rush and riot of stormy wings beating around her in a wild tumult of helpless reprobation.

"It was Floyd Mook who came home with you?"

"Yes."

"He used to come here to see my daughter."

"He told me he did," said Stasia, faintly.

"He gave her Tennyson's poems once, and a bangle for her bracelet."

"He said he and—Nellie—were always good friends."

"Friends!"

"That's what he said. And to-night—oh, Mrs. Green! —you know we've sung together in the choir all summer —to-night he asked me to marry him—"

"What?—and Nellie—oh!—"

"Mrs. Green! He says he never cared for any girl but me. But I don't want to marry him—at least not for a long, long time."

Mrs. Green held up a silencing hand. "I ask nothing about your plans, Stasia. You've got two more months to stay in my house. I've never put any rules on you before. But I do ask you this. I ask you to respect my feelings. I can't have him come here. And, for your own sake, I ask you to think long before taking him. He isn't an honest man. He don't tell the truth when he says he wasn't courting Nellie. She's told me things he's said."

Stasia's eyes were down. "Mrs. Green," she said, suddenly, "perhaps if—" her eyes went up appealingly to Nellie's picture, as if she besought her for some permission. Nellie's smile seemed to strike her like a blow. "She's dead," she murmured, abasing her head. Then she set her lips and breathed long. "I will do whatever you tell me," she said.

Mrs. Green spent the night in a hideous effort to wrest from her mind the image of young Mook as she had hitherto regarded him, and to replace this semblance of honest young manhood with a black and sinister aspect of villany. And in the burning resentment which she felt for the disloyal lover who had so soon forgotten and forsworn she managed also to implicate the girl who had won his recreant fancy.

Stasia's waning bloom and pensive eyes and sorrowful lips—Stasia's whole mutely pathetic presence hurt and exasperated Mrs. Green. She tried to be decently kind to her, however; and as she passed Stasia's room one morning and noticed the girl standing in the draught of the open window, she paused to say, "Stasia, you'd better put something over your head if you're going to stay in here while the room's airing."

Stasia turned with a sudden surprised movement. The embarrassment in the girl's face aroused a quick suspicion in Mrs. Green's mind.

"What are you holding behind you?" she asked. Stasia's hand stole into view. "A letter!" cried Mrs. Green. "So you're corresponding with Floyd Mook?"

"No!" broke forth Stasia. But even as she spoke she bit her lips, as if she regretted saying this. "I mean," she stammered—"I mean—"

"Stasia, you are deceiving me. No use denying it. Who is that letter from?"

"I can't tell you," said Stasia. "I'm sorry—but—I can't."

"You are in my charge, Stasia, and I'm responsible for you. I have a right to know what's going on. I've never had to do with underhand proceedings before this. Everything under my roof has been open and aboveboard till now. Let me see that letter."

Stasia held the envelope against her bosom.

"No, Mrs. Green," she said, steadily. "I—hate to have you think— But no matter." There were tears in her eyes, and she closed them suddenly, as if to hide the trouble in their swimming depths. And as she did so, turning her head momentarily aside, Mrs. Green reached out suddenly and took the white enclosure from the girl's protecting hands. Stasia gave a sharp cry. She clasped Mrs. Green about the knees.

"Oh, don't look at it!" she sobbed; "don't!"

"It is my duty," said Mrs. Green. "I regret this. There've been times lately when I'd really begun to think considerable of you. I—" Her eyes were riveted upon the envelope. What new, incomprehensible perfidy was this? Was it a trick of vision? Was her sight playing her false, that she seemed to read upon that square white thing the name of the young reprobate for whom Nellie had had a passing fancy? And the writing—that bold square hand! Could she be mistaken in Nellie's characters?

"Where did this come from?" asked Mrs. Green, with motionless lips.

"It fell out of one of her books just now, as I was dusting the shelf."

"Stasia," murmured Mrs. Green, "you—I see your reason for not wanting me to see this. She probably wrote it long ago, before Mr. Green told her she must not speak to Stickney again. I'm going to open it, to prove—to prove to you—that—" Her voice died. There was an utter silence in the room.

"Mrs. Green!" faltered Stasia, drawing more closely to the rigid figure, and staring up at the set face above her as she knelt on the floor. "Mrs. Green!" But Mrs. Green did not hear. The date of the letter was that of the very day on which Nellie had been taken sick, and Mrs. Green kept reading over and over, in a vain attempt to recall their first meaning, both this date and the words which told her that Nellie had consented to an elopement with young Stickney.

"They will forgive us," so the lines ran, "when we are married. You have said this often, and I believe it myself. Besides, I think they are too hard on you. I do hate to grieve them, but when it comes to marrying, people must decide for themselves. And though Mrs. Green especially has been awfully good to me, at a time like this I can't help remembering that she isn't really my own mother, after all." There was much more, but Mrs. Green's vision had failed. Looming blackness spread before her—a dense gloom which blotted out the daylight, the blue skies, the sallow fields, the lurid flaming of a gas-jet near by, wanly and wastefully bubbling in the autumnal sunshine. The world seemed to be dissolving with a dizzy murmur and a sickening motion. It was Stasia's voice, Stasia's clasp, that recalled the lapsing universe. Through the vast dimness Stasia's little white frightened face shone with the silvery lustre of a star that takes form in the night sky and stays the eye with a steady radiance.

"You knew that Nellie—that she—"

"Floyd told me that she loved Stickney. And when I found the letter addressed to him I thought you would be happier not to know about it—not to know she hadn't really given him up."

Mrs. Green laid her cold hand on the yellow head. "Stasia," she said, a little brokenly, "I haven't deserved to have you thoughtful of me." She drew the girl with her into the darkened parlor, and having drawn up the shade, she turned and took the white ribbon from the piano key. Nellie beamed placidly down on these proceedings. She retained her usual amiability when Mrs. Green said to Stasia: "This is your home, dear, and I want it to be just as bright and pleasant as possible. I hope—oh, Stasia, I hope you won't leave me for a long, long time!" And in a sobbing undertone she added, "I want to try to make *you* forget that I'm not your own mother!"

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE WATER-COLOR CLUB.

VERY welcome is this opening exhibition of the season, where the artists, fresh from country life, offer the first fruits of their gleanings. One seems to catch the fragrance of woods and fields and water, the charm of breezy uplands and wide-open skies, of light and air and color; all expressed with a simple sincerity of purpose to record with love what has touched the heart.

Perhaps because of bad weather conditions during part of the summer, there seems to be a lack of sunshine in the pictures. True, there is sunshine suspended in the hot mist that clings to sea and cliffs in E. M. Bicknell's beautiful coast scene "Iron Bound" (No. 44), and Miss K. M. Huger's strikingly clever "A Hot Day in Virginia" (No. 31) is bathed in sunshine. It plays, too, with dainty radiance on Walter L. Palmer's snow scene (No. 34), lingers on some of Howard Russell Butler's Long Island sea pieces, and burns upon the sumach in No. 83 (Charles W. Eaton), and in George H. Clements's stirring sketches of "Ranch Life in California." But for the most part the sentiment of the pictures is in the minor key, and it is the sob in nature to which the artist has responded. It may be going too far to say that this is a characteristic of modern American landscape generally, but it certainly seems to be the phase of nature which our artists paint best. Is it because of the *sturm und drang* of American life that they fly for relief, not to the joyous or stirring moods of nature, but to that still small voice which can only be caught by listening long and quietly? Perhaps it is so, for on analyzing one's own pleasure in these pictures one finds that their sweet sadness brings to light all sorts of little fragments of memory of younger days long stowed away in nooks and crannies of the mind, dusty and forgotten. I am thinking now of such a group of paintings as the following, chosen somewhat at random: Charles Warren Eaton's "December" (No. 49) and "The Path" (No. 124); W. L. Lathrop's "An Ohio Intervale" (No. 50); Miss Curtis's "Low Tide" (No. 82); Arthur Parton's "The Woods" (No. 99); Ben Foster's "Growing Dusk" (No. 132); and F. K. M. Rehn's "The New Moon" (No. 12).

But, after all, there is pleasure in energy. It does one good to turn to John La Farge's "A Rishi Calling Up a Storm" (No. 339). The swirl of elements is glorious, the very coloring a tonic. Or turn to the grim barrenness of the landscape and the energy of the Indian checking his horse in Ernest L. Blumenschein's "Scenting Danger" (No. 51), or to the splendor of Henry B. Snell's "Sunset" (No. 107).

Joyousness, too, is good, and for this reason many will prefer Albert Herter's peonies—for example, Nos. 213 and 232, to his more affected Japanesque and quasi-Greek panels. In these he is too clearly posing. They are very clever and beautiful too, but the artist is sampling impressions; he has not yet learned *himself*. It is quite refreshing to look at the exquisite trifle by Miss Mildred Howells, "The Veil" (No. 211), so artless in motive and frank and sensitive in drawing. Hard by are some charming miniatures by Mrs. Parrish and Miss Alice Ham, and a decorative panel by Miss Alice A. Sewall, "The Musicians" (No. 197). The latter is a little self-conscious, but very ornamental in composition and lustrous in color.

There are several child-pictures; perhaps the most pleasing, "Brothers" (No. 64), by Mrs. Rosina E. Sherwood—the baby very babylike and the elder child so earnest in the responsibilities of guardianship. Miss Sarah C. Sears's No. 73 is a very interesting portrait, but her sketch (No. 81) is more gracious in its simplicity. Of other figure compositions one recollects with pleasure E. C. Earle's sturdy fisherman, "A Sea-weed" (No. 22); Mrs. Parrish's spiritual representation of the three Maries, "While it was yet dark" (No. 6); Miss Florence Snell's delicate sketch of a girl upon a seat (No. 181); Miss Anna Klumpke's "Grandmother Spinning" (No. 283); Miss Ashley's "Mistress Molly" (No. 300); Mrs. Bush-Brown's "Lydia" (No. 317); and Mrs. McChesney's "Polishing Brasses" (No. 135); the last so harmonious in its quiet, rich tones.

There are three very clever poster-landscapes by Harvey Ellis, drawn in flat colors and bold outlines, the latter, especially in the case of "The Riffle" (No. 138), being full of meaning. Something of the same effort to obtain constructional value appears in Miss Longstreth's "Tunnel Mountain" (No. 20). If it is a protest against the tendency to lose the solid qualities of a landscape in the eagerness to obtain light and atmosphere, it may serve its turn; but one may be allowed the hope that the lady's sincerity will not rest content with such materialistic facts.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

THE last leaf trembles on the vine;
No south wind whispers in the pine;
The field is still;
The sky is drear;
The air is chill;
The wood is sere.
But on the hearth the ruddy spark
Flies upward on its fitful way;
The flame enwraps the white birch bark,
And warms the pensive, purple clay;
And She is near
To glad and cheer,
Till all my fancies joyous wing,
Like blossom-flakes wind-tossed in spring.

The last bird wanders down the sky;
The brown fern rustles crisp and dry;
The cricket calls
Along the way,
And twilight falls
A sombre gray.
But still the logs burn brisk and bright,
Whose flames fantastic rise and fall,
And shadows play like roses white
Upon May's brightest garden wall;
For She is near,
And birds I hear
Love-songs among the lilacs sing
In this rose-haunted nest of spring.

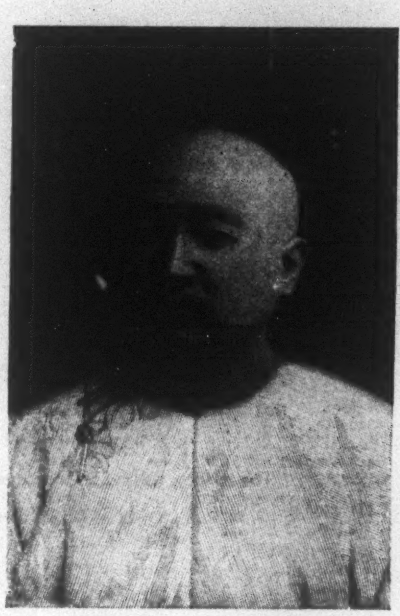
R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A MODERN RAILROAD SYSTEM FOR CHINA.

A NEW star of the first magnitude is now seen in the political skies of China. So vast has his power become, so perfect his net-work of commanding influence in court and commercial circles, that he has already cast the great Li Hung-Chang into partial eclipse. This formidable luminary is doubly interesting. Not only is his wonderful career full of peculiar and dramatic features that never could be duplicated outside of China, but he stands to-day at the very forefront of China's march to the goal of modern enterprise and development.

This remarkable leader is Sheng Ta-Jen, who is better known in his own land as Sheng Taotoi, because for many years he held the position of Taotoi, or governor of customs, at the great city of Tien-tsin. Curiously enough, too, the name of Sheng has been closely linked during his whole career with the name of Li Hung-Chang, whom he now menaces with his prestige. During the T'ai-ping rebellion, when Li Hung-Chang was Governor of Soo-chow, and commanded its military forces, he was materially aided in a financial way by a wealthy banker of that city named Sheng. Some time later, when Li was advanced to the powerful post of Satrap of Tien-tsin, and became Grand Secretary and Premier of the Empire, he gratefully remembered his Soo-chow benefactor, and took the banker's son, now known as Sheng Ta-Jen, under his protecting wing.

The young man was quick, competent, ambitious, not heavily handicapped with scruples, and rose rapidly through the lower grades of public life until, twelve years ago, he captured the lucrative post of Taotoi of the province of Chee-foo. All these positions in China go to the highest bidder, and it is generally understood that Lady



SHENG TA-JEN,
Director-General of Chinese Railroads.

Li in this emergency befriended Sheng by a handsome loan, which he soon repaid. No sooner was he safely intrenched as Taotoi than he began to extend his power at a rapid gait. He sent his deputies forth to relieve distress during a famine, paying little attention to the boundaries of his own section in his practical benevolence. He bettered the sanitary conditions by clearing out streams that paralleled the Yellow River, and pursued such a general crusade on new lines that rivals looked upon him with alarm and hatred, the more so because the powerful Li Hung-Chang was known to be his backer. Undismayed by enemies, the young reformer extended his lines of power in commercial directions. He bought a silk-factory, rose to the head of the Imperial Telegraph Company, next to Li himself, and the death of Tong King-Sing placed him in the management of that influential lever the China Merchants' Steamship Company. Then he rose to the still richer post of customs Taotoi in Tien-tsin, grew rapidly as the favored *protégé* of the great Chancellor, and came into close relations with the foreign affairs of the empire. Foreign diplomats liked him, for Sheng was always brilliant, adroit, obliging in manner, contrasting favorably with the dictatorial, brusque airs of his old superior.

It was thought Sheng had surely reached a fatal crisis in his career during the calamitous war with Japan. Power drifted temporarily from the hands of Li Hung-Chang, and his close friends and allies were regarded as doomed to go down in the crash. But the enemy reckoned without a knowledge of Sheng's versatile power to "hedge" and feather his nest. Despite some rather malodorous military speculations in the matter of guns and ammunition, which the censors traced to Sheng's office door, the agile diplomat weathered the storm in a most mysterious way. His wonderful luck remained a riddle until it was learned that he had two powerful strings to his official bow. While an ally of Li Hung-Chang, he had also worked into the good graces of Li's formidable rival, Weng Tung-Ho. This august personage was formerly tutor of the Emperor, and is now the most powerful influence at court. Weng and Sheng were natives of the same city Soo-chow, and to this convenient friendship Sheng owed his political salvation in those cloudy days. Finding it extremely profitable to "make unto himself friends of the mammon" of Li's old adversaries, Sheng proceeded next to curry favor with another of Li's long-standing rivals, the great Viceroy Chang Chih-Tung, to whom all the development of central China is chiefly due. This granite fortress was captured by Sheng's adroit methods of approach. He seems by instinct to know the weak points in every big Chinaman's armor, and aims with a keen pair of eyes.

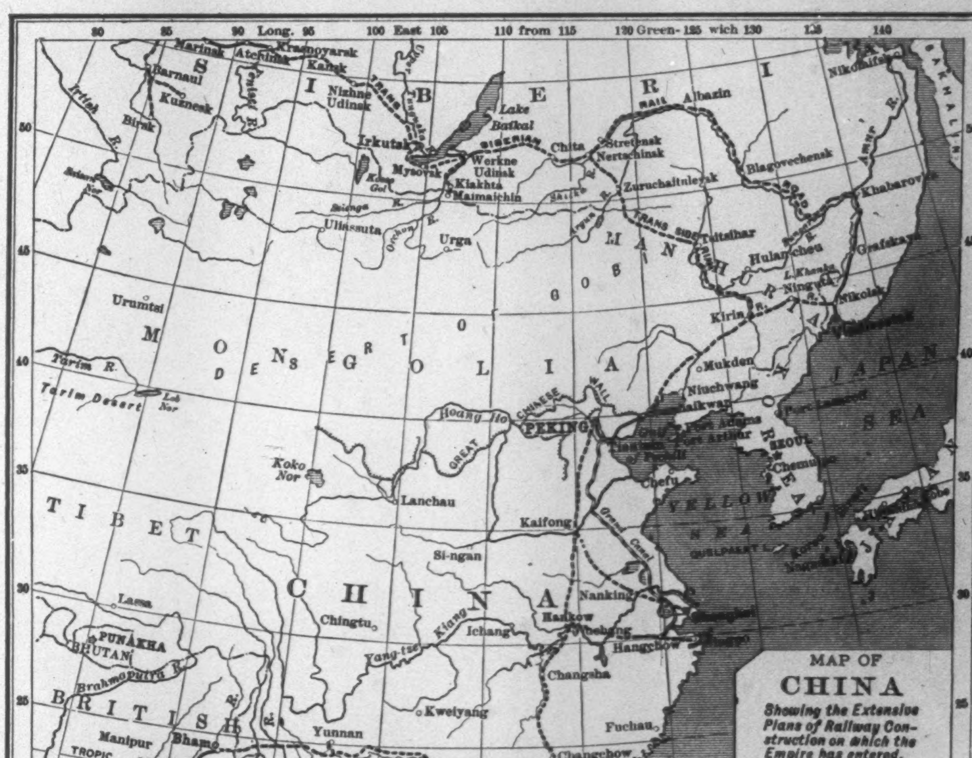
AMERICAN-CHINESE EXPOSITION BUILDING TO BE ERECTED AT SHANGHAI—FROM APPROVED DESIGN.
W. W. Bovington & Co., Chicago, Architects.

It so happened that Chang Chih-Tung had a troublesome elephant on his vice-regal hands in the shape of some iron-mines and a foundry near Han-kow. He wanted to unload, and here was the seam in his armor. The opportune moment for Sheng to play his cards at that game arrived while Li Hung-Chang was on his pleasure junket around the globe. He went to Chang and magnanimously offered to buy the iron elephant at a fat sum, and the only slight favor he had to ask by way of return was that Chang would recommend him to be director-general of all the railroads of China included in the new schemes of development. Sheng was artistically diplomatic in accepting Chang's well-known views about railroad-building, such as exclusive Chinese shares and no foreign money except by way of loans. The compact was made. With the warm support of the imperial tutor and the powerful patronage of the influential Viceroy, Sheng lost no time in besieging the court at Peking. He went, he saw, he conquered. Obstacles melted away before the magic of his combination of diplomacy and cash. He captured the director-generalship prize, was advanced to a position where he can memorialize the throne direct, secured sanction for starting an imperial bank, and obtained the fullest authority to raise funds for the great railroad plans, chiefly from the Chinese.

Sheng Ta-Jen, therefore, now firmly intrenched in power, in the prime of life, about fifty years old, rich, keen, fiercely ambitious, and a Talleyrand in his methods, is the embodiment of China's progressive policy. Absolutely in control of the empire's telegraph and steamship lines, he now becomes autocrat of her railroad destiny as well. He confronts the problem of railway construction under conditions that would dishearten any man of less herculean nerve and self-assurance. He was obliged to promise the Emperor that he would build the Han-kow road with Chinese money and Chinese labor, provided the government would advance 10,000,000 taels. In order to understand this peculiar Chinese puzzle it will be necessary to first take a brief glance at the railroad programme, and then mention the unique conditions under which Sheng has this miracle to perform.

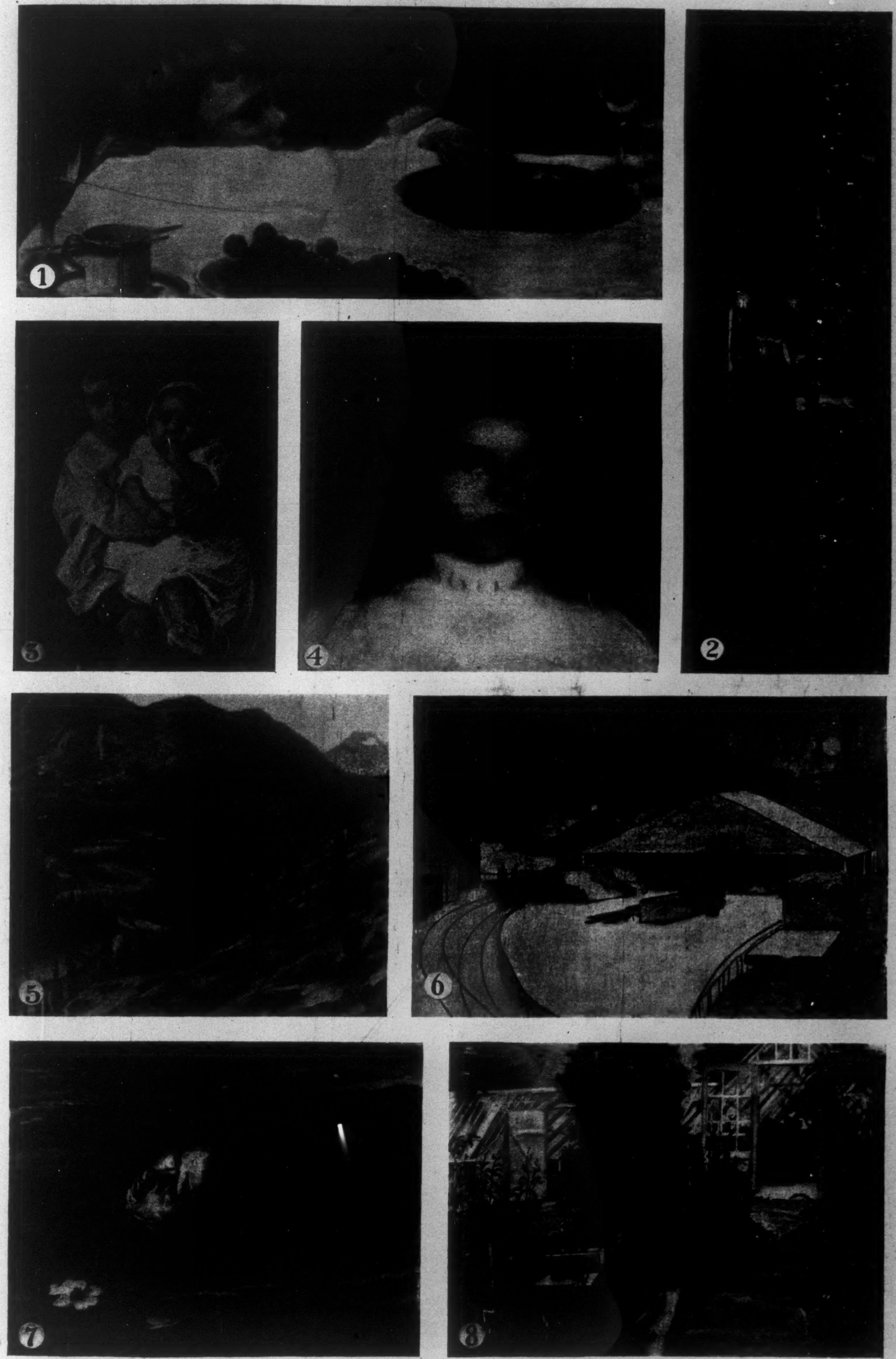
The first railway China ever saw was a short one of eighteen miles from Shanghai to the port of Woo-sung. It was the work of Englishmen, who got tired of lightering their cargoes to Shanghai over the Yang-tse bar at an expense greater than the cost of transportation from London or New York. They asked no charter, built the road in 1876, and ran it without government leave. It was short-lived. A very powerful influence in China is exercised by the fung-shuy, or spirits of the dead, and that abominable new railroad, it was discovered by the natives, interfered seriously with the movements and freedom of these worthy spirits. The authorities were notified of this sacrilege on the part of the English residents, and the rails were torn up. Just what sort of compromise was made with the spirits of the dead is not known, but the spirit of modern ideas is creeping into power now, and under a recent proclamation by the Viceroy of the Liang-kiang provinces, this old railroad between Shanghai and Woo-sung is to be rebuilt, and the natives are solemnly enjoined to place no obstruction in the way.

The railways now in operation in the vast Celestial Empire are three in number, and all short. One, seventy miles in length, runs from Tien-tsin to the coal-mines at Shanghai-huan, near the point where the Great Wall dips into the Yellow Sea, and on to Kirin; another, about eighteen miles long, runs to Han-kow from the only iron-mine in the huge domain; while the third, now nearly done, will connect Peking and Tien-tsin, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles. This is the modest egg from which Sheng has undertaken to hatch a modern railroad system for the kingdom. The plans under immediate consideration involve the construction of a road from Peking, the capital, to Han-kow, about 800 miles. From that point as a centre a line will be extended to Canton, some 1500 miles, and due east to Hang-chow and the sea, while another line is planned to run from Shanghai northwest through Nankin to a junction with the line



BRADLEY & POATES, ENGR'S, N.Y.

A THANKSGIVING TRAGEDY.—From the Painting by Winfield S. Lukens.



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FROM THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK WATER-COLOR CLUB.—[See Page 1174.]

1. "The Last Guest," by Charles C. Curran. 2. "The Temple," by Albert Herter. 3. "Brothers," by Rosina E. Sherwood. 4. "Portrait," by Sarah C. Sears. 5. "Tunnel Mountain," by Margaret Longstreth. 6. "The Saw-Mill," by Harvey Ellis. 7. "The Strange Thing Little Kiosai saw floating in the River," by John La Farge. 8. "At the Florist's," by Carroll Butler Brown.

south from Peking at Kai-fong. These finished, connections will be made, along the extreme southern belt of the empire, with the Bangkok railroad of Siam, at Bhamo, on the border of Mandalay.

All these plans are carefully outlined on the accompanying map, which has been specially made for the Department of State at Washington by Colonel M. R. Jefferds, of Fulton, New York, an American civil engineer of large experience in China. It gives the first correct outline of the proposed railroad developments.

These roads will pass through rich, alluvial country, densely populous, producing silk, tea, and other staples. There is really no limit apparent to the productive capacity of this immense region when labor, now chiefly idle, can have ready markets at command, and easy access to the great ports of shipment. The transformation, when completed, will mould China into totally new industrial and commercial forms. Side by side, too, with these monster innovations, China's northern belt of provinces will be awakened by the branch of the great Siberian railway through Manchuria, under construction by the Czar. The camel routes by which tea, silks, and other products of the empire now reach Russia, Persia, Turkey, and all interior states will be superseded by rail transportation, effecting a development of unlimited scope and value.

The railway task upon which China is entering would be thought colossal enough for a country equipped with the most complete modern appliances and alert public spirit, but to a man with Sheng Ta-Jen's local and industrial handicaps it will prove appalling, almost certainly impossible, unless methods and systems are radically changed. Already this resourceful Chinaman finds himself floundering in a bog. It is financial. The money for his great designs must come from foreign countries, or China itself, or both. The government distrusts all foreigners, while all natives distrust the government. Investors are not scrambling for shares. Capital from other countries cannot be secured, it seems, because China insists on complete Chinese control and management of the roads, foreign money to be a silent partner at the mercy of mildewed mandarin methods, which are not notoriously honest at best. For example, China never selects officials for any special qualification. The man recently chosen to develop the mineral resources of the empire never saw a mine in his life. The personage picked out to manage the Imperial Bank and provide a currency system has never been out of rural Manchuria. The fierce mariner who commanded the naval fleet in the war with Japan got the appointment not because he was a known expert in navigation and naval warfare, but because he passed the top-notch examination in the maxims of Confucius. Even at the present time Sheng has a German architect locating the railway from Shanghai to Woo-sung, on the same principle which led Chang Chih-Tung to employ a doctor to build an arsenal, a successful contractor to run a man-of-war, and a school-teacher to erect blast furnaces. Foreign investors will fight shy of Chinese railroads if their management is to be absolutely in charge of men with no earthly qualification for their duties. Even the great Sheng himself, director-general of all these proposed railroads, who has undertaken to build a system of 3000 miles in the next two or three years, has never seen any but the toy railways now going in China. Under these conditions, it is easy to understand why Sheng finds great difficulty in securing the $10,000,000 allotment of capital which he is allowed to get from abroad. His latest overtures to a Belgian syndicate have not produced a shower of gold.

An obstacle equally serious exists in China itself. The country presents sharp contrasts in the very rich and the very poor. Mandarins are not rushing to invest their millions, because they know what dreadful cormorants the mandarins are, and Sheng is one of that class. The poor people who can boast of any nest-eggs at all show no disposition to embark in a government enterprise so long as the principle maintains that all property belongs to the Emperor, and may be confiscated at will. The thrifty Chinaman melts his silver savings, and banks them in a hole beneath his house, and only the most gilt-edged investment will lure them from that primitive safety vault. He would be far more ready to take the railroad shares if foreigners were to control in the management and the capital, for there would be no confiscation in that case. The government would not dare.

As to the Chinamen in this country who are called upon for loyal subscriptions, Sheng has managed to incur the enmity and distrust of the wealthy Six Companies in San Francisco by his treatment of Hsii Ta-Jen. Before Sheng became director-general, a contract to build the road from Peking to Han-kow (and ultimately to Canton) had been awarded to Hsii, of Canton, by the princes Kung and Ching, at the request of the Emperor. This arrangement Sheng managed in some way to brush aside. Now the wealthy China merchants of San Francisco are nearly all Cantonese, and they want nothing to do with the man who beat one of the most prominent and honorable of their own townsmen out of control of the line.

It must be clear enough, in view of all these facts, that Sheng Ta-Jen will find it an uphill job to pour the new wine of modern progress into the old cobwebbed bottles of China. He cannot dispense with the wine, and he dare not attempt to change the bottles in any high-handed, radical way. As a further sample of the rocks ahead, largely placed there by himself, Sheng has led his countrymen actually to believe that he can swing China into the modern railroad column on her own manufacturing, engineering, and mechanical resources. He has assured them that China can make her own rails, although there is but one iron-foundry, feeding one lonesome smelter, in the entire empire; and in the matter of locomotives, he is only willing to concede that China will need a few samples from abroad. By these extravagant claims he has worked the pride of China to such a pitch that it will trouble both China and himself to go through the shrinking process. Sheng is secure enough for the present at least, because the mighty celestials of royal rank have never even seen a locomotive, never been outside of the sacred capital of Peking. They are more than ready to swallow any statement that glorifies the powers and possibilities of the empire. How long can he throw this perfumed dust in their eyes?

How soon his Excellency Sheng will overcome all the obstacles presented, and how he can reconcile China's mechanical poverty with the actual facts, are interesting matters for speculation. But as the Chinese mind has resolved on modern development, it will come in some way before long. Meantime the foreign trade of the empire, under present crude facilities, has doubled within ten years. This trade, a large share of which might be diverted to the United States, now goes to the nations of Europe by an overwhelming majority. Europe gets the cow, and this country the hide.

It is now proposed, with a novel style of commercial campaign, to see whether a heavy increase cannot be made in our trade with the empire. The latest American method of a permanent exposition is to be applied at the great city of Shanghai. Our celestial cousins are so steeped in the superstition of centuries that they will not believe the marvels of modern machinery unless they see them. Hence they cannot be induced to buy from circulars or pictures. In order to meet and overcome this prejudice, American merchants of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and San Francisco have united in the establishment of an American-Chinese chamber of commerce at Shanghai. Plans have been completed by George S. Bowen, well known for his connection with the exposition at Chicago; ground has been secured at a convenient point in the American reservation of Shanghai; building designs of a Chicago architect have been adopted, and enough subscriptions to the enterprise have been secured to insure interest payments on the required sum. Manufacturers' associations of the four cities named have heartily endorsed the plan.

The proposed structure is to be 400 feet long, 200 wide, and will cost about $200,000. It will be divided into sections similar to the World's Fair buildings. In it are to be permanently displayed, for the inspection of unbelieving Orientals, a wide assortment of the latest American machinery, electrical apparatus, and exclusively American manufactured products and material. Chinamen will have the chance they demand of seeing all this vaunted machinery in operation. It is confidently assumed that this eye-opening process will loosen their purse strings, and divert a large part, if not the lion's share, of China's trade to the United States when the new development gets fairly under way.

One feature in this enterprise will commend itself to all interested parties. It is to be thoroughly American in management and methods. Those of our merchants who have connections in China are represented almost exclusively by foreign agents there, and the results have not been satisfactory. These men are tinctured by their own national prejudice and methods. They lack that patriotic devotion to American interests which native Americans would show. Not only are the officers of the new Shanghai chamber to be Americans throughout, but all exhibitors are urgently requested to send their own trusted representatives to control their interests in China.

S. P. BUTLER.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING for the men who braved
 The yet scarce furrowed sea,
Rather than cringe, with soul enslaved,
 To kingly tyranny;
Who sought upon this virgin sod
 "Freedom to worship God!"

Thanksgiving for the men who broke
 And smoothed the stubborn soil,
Who bowed unmurmuring to the yoke
 Of unaccustomed toil,
Who bade, for years of coming need,
The girdling wood recede!

Thanksgiving for the men who met
 The stormy brunt of war,
Who yielded life without regret
 Lest wrong be conqueror;
For those who fought and lived to see
Triumphant Liberty!

Thanksgiving for their children's sons
 Who, when the land again
Rocked with the roar of thundering guns
 From mountain-crest to main,
Rose patriotic in their place
And disenthralled a race!

Thanksgiving that the olden scars
 By time are hid and healed;
That now our flag's close-clustering stars
 Shine on no gory field,
But year by year a rich increase
Springs from the arts of peace!

Thanksgiving that our honor still
 Stands unassoiled and pure,
A beacon-light to guide from ill,—
 The wide earth's cynosure;
That we have not enlinked our name
With infamy or shame!

Thanksgiving for a past that gleams
 With light so fair to see;
Thanksgiving for the glorious dreams
 Of triumphs yet to be;
Thanksgiving, all, with one accord,
Unto our father's Lord!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE battlemented line of the wall opposite him stood up clear-cut between the moon and the lights of the town, twenty feet above him, and ran on southwards into vague shadow, untenanted. Fifty yards to the left it was interrupted, or rather crowned, by half a dozen big houses built flush with the wall, pierced by a quantity of rather narrow windows, the lower of which were barred, the upper, from their height, needing no such defence. As he crept up alongside of these he heard the subdued murmur of women's voices from within the first, the house, perhaps, of some Turkish captain and his harem, and the sound of women's voices made mirth to him, and he listened for a while, smiling to himself. From the next house came like music, and once a woman came to the window and stood looking out for a minute, or perhaps two, unveiled, and playing with the tassel of the blind-cord, and then from within some one called her by a purring Turkish name, and she turned into the house again.

He crept slowly on to the end of the line of houses, where the battlemented wall began again, and feeling closer to her in the sound of women's voices, came back and lay down again in the shadow of a tall toothed rock. It was something to be alone, away from the jarring camp, and to be near her once more. His portentous nightmare beset him no longer, and his thoughts dozed quietly. One by one the lights went out in the windows opposite, and the houses became darkness; the shadow of his rock moved a little forward in the setting moon, and he shifted to be in the shade again. Another half-hour went by, and the mountain ridge hid the moon.

Presently afterwards a man appeared on the top of the wall to the right. Mitsos, perhaps, would not have noticed him but that he waved a handkerchief up and down once or twice, and then waited again, and after a time uttered some impatient exclamation. Mitsos watched him, puzzled to know what this should mean, when suddenly a possible solution dawned upon him, and he crept up, still in the shadow, to below where the Turk was standing, and whistled softly.

Then from above:

"You are late. Here is the paper signed," and a white thing fluttered down. This done, the Turk turned, and without waiting for a reply, went southwards down the wall.

The paper, whatever it was, was in Mitsos's possession, and putting it into his pocket, for it was too dark to read it, he crept back to his old place, to wait there a few minutes more before going back to the camp. Lights showed only in one house now, and before long they too were quenched, and the black mass of houses rose against the sky silent and asleep. Then suddenly and softly from out of that blackness, like a bird flying in the desert, came the sound of a voice singing, and at those notes Mitsos thought his heart would have burst. For it sang,

"Dig we deep among the vines,
 Give the sweet spring showers a home,
 Else the fairest sun that shines—"

It stopped as suddenly, dying like a deep-drawn breath, and looking up, he saw framed in one of the dark windows the upper part of a girl's figure, dressed in white. And without a pause the boy's voice answered,

"Lends no lustre to our wines,
 Sends no sparkle to the foam."

The prattle of the stream above alone whispered in the stillness. Then—

"Mitsos?"

"I am here, and, oh! dearest one, is it you?"

A little tinkle of laughter from above, ending in a sudden quick-drawn breath.

"At last I see you again," she said, softly; "but I don't see you at all. Mitsos! Little Mitsos, is it well with you?"

Mitsos crept silently out of the shadow, and stretched out his arms to her.

"It is well in all but the great thing, that we are not together. But that will be soon, dearest. Oh, please God, it will be soon!"

Suleima leaned forward from the window.

"You must not wait here, nor must I. I am at a passage window, and though the house is dark, one never knows. So go, beloved; it will be before very long, will it not?"

"Before long it must be, and when the end comes, run to meet your enemy as your deliverer, crying, "I am of your blood.""

Suleima turned quickly, hearing some sound within, and whispering "Good-night," was gone again, leaving Mitsos alone.

The heavens had opened, and, walking on air, he went back to the camp, and waiting below the wall till the sentry had gone by, climbed in again where he had got out. For the most part the men were gone to bed, but he passed a few on his way back to the little hut he shared with Yanni and two Mainotes—all of whom had gone with Petrobey—and undressing quickly, lay down on his bed to feast alone on his great happiness. With the irrepressible hopefulness of youth, his fears had vanished before the sight of the one he loved, as if they had never been, and he set himself to tell over, like a rosary of hallowed beads, the moments of the night.

Not till then did he recollect the mysterious paper which he had received, and then, getting up hastily, he struck a light on his tinder-box and lit a small oil-fed wick. The illumination was dim and flickering, but the handwriting was large and clear, and by holding it close to the light he could easily read it. It was very short, and written in Greek:

"Abdul Achmet promises to pay to Constantinos Poniropoulos the sum of two hundred Turkish pounds on condition that he and his harem are, on the termination of the siege of Tripoli, insured security from outrage or massacre. For the transport and expenses of travelling to a place of safety for each person ten pounds in addition will be paid.

[Signed] ABDUL ACHMET BEY, ex-Governor of the City of Argos."

Mitsos read it through once without taking in the meaning, far less the full bearing of it, and then putting it back in his pocket, blew out his light, and lay with wide-open eyes staring at the darkness, while the full meaning of the words slowly dawned on him.

First came hot indignation. A Greek captain at the head of five hundred men was privately trafficking with the besieged for his private gains. But close on the heels of his anger came fierce, overwhelming temptation. Abdul Achmet was the owner of Suleima, and to Mitsos this paper meant not safe conduct to him, but to her. Had it been in his power, he would have doubled the bribe to the farther side of possibility to secure that, and thrown his own soul into the bargain. Suleima safe, no more fear

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

for her, nor any chance blow upsetting a too sanguine security. And because he loved her with a true and honest heart all thought of himself was absent; he would have paid the demand of angels, men, and devils to secure her from hurt or death, even though—and he ground his teeth at the thought—security meant only to go on living in the harem of Abdul. All the nightmares of the day before the expedition of the fire-ship he lived through again, feeling at first that there was no question of choice before him, that somehow or other he must let his note go to Poniropoulos. For this was the more insidious temptation, for it could be managed so that no one, or, at the worst, the man for whom it was intended, should know his share in it. Yet here again was the choice between two impossibilities, but slowly as before, aching and bruised in spirit, he struggled back to choose the honorable.

Yet here a new difficulty stood in his way. It was his clear duty to let Nicholas know of his clandestine traffic, and in so doing Mitsos would have to tell him of his own absence by night from the camp without leave. Nicholas would ask the reason, and probably be very angry with him, though as he had not been detected, but confessed it himself, the offence would be mitigated. But how came he to be waiting under the walls of Tripoli?

Mitsos thought this over for some little time before he arrived at the best and most obvious solution, namely, to tell Nicholas everything. The taking of Tripoli could not be far off, and he knew when that came near he would let others know the prize the town held for him, for her greater safety, and a week or two sooner or later did not make much difference. So not wishing to delay and risk a hot resolution, he put on his clothes again to go to Nicholas's quarters. He had just got outside his hut when he heard the voice of the sentry challenging some one outside, and "but for the grace of God," thought he, "there goes Mitsos."

"Who goes?" called the sentry again. "Speak, or I fire."

Mitsos did not hear the reply, but the sentry stood still, while a man clambered over the wall and spoke a few words to him. Standing in the shadow of his doorway, not thirty yards off, Mitsos could see who both of them were, and recognized Poniropoulos and the burly Christos.

"Fifty pounds to say nothing of this," he heard Poniropoulos say.

There was a short silence, and Mitsos longed to hear the offer refused. But the greed of the country Greek was too strong.

"Fifty pounds?" answered Christos. "When do you pay me?"

"On the day Tripoli falls."

Again there was a pause, and Mitsos suddenly made up his mind to interfere, and he strode out of the shadow to where the two were standing. They stood asunder a few paces as Mitsos came up and took Christos by the arm.

"For the love of God say 'No,' Christos," he said. "Ask him first what his business was outside."

Poniropoulos came a step nearer.

"You young cub!" he said, below his breath, "what business is it of yours?"

Christos looked from one to the other.

"He has promised me fifty pounds," he said.

"Oh, fool!" said Mitsos. "There will be a fight between you and me that will cost you the best part of a hundred in blood and bruises if you don't listen to me. Besides, I don't want to get you into trouble."

Poniropoulos looked thunder at the boy, but inwardly he was disquieted.

"Go to your kennel, you cub," he said, "or I report you to-morrow morning for insubordination."

Mitsos gave a short laugh. "Very good," he said; "and now let me be. Look you, Christos, there will be trouble if you do not listen to me. That is all."

He turned back to his hut in order to give Poniropoulos time to get away and leave the coast clear—for he wished to get to Nicholas without making a disturbance in the camp—and, shutting the door, waited for five minutes till he heard Poniropoulos walk off one way and Christos continue his rounds. Then, going out again, he went straight to Nicholas's quarters and knocked at the door.

Nicholas was asleep, but awakened at once at the sound, and called out to know who was there.

"It is I—Mitsos," said the boy; "and I want to see you at once, Uncle Nicholas."

"Wait a minute, then." And from within came the sounds of the striking of tinder. "I can't light this," said Nicholas; "come in, though."

Mitsos entered, feeling, if anything, rather glad that there was no light, for it made his story easier to tell.

"Find a chair, little Mitsos," said Nicholas, "or sit on the end of the bed. Now what brings you here?"

Mitsos felt in his pocket and found the paper. "This which I am holding out to you," he said. "On it is written that Poniropoulos, for the sum of two hundred pounds, will insure safety to Abdul Achmet and his house when Tripoli falls."

There was a moment's silence.

"The black devil!" said Nicholas. Then, suddenly, "How came you by this, Mitsos?"

"That is what I am going to tell you."

Mitsos found it rather hard to begin, and after a moment Nicholas spoke again, kindly but gravely.

"I am listening, Mitsos," he said. "Hush! there is some one coming. Keep quite quiet." In a moment a knock came at the door, and Nicholas let it be repeated before he answered. "Who is it?" he asked.

"Christos Choremis," said the voice, "the sentry for the last two hours."

"Well?"

"Half an hour ago, sir, the Captain Poniropoulos climbed in over the camp wall. I thought best to tell you at once."

"Did he explain where he had been?"

"No, sir."

"Open the door, Christos," said Nicholas. "There is one question more. Did he offer you money not to say anything about it?"

Christos shifted from one foot to the other.

"No, sir," he said at length.

"You did quite right to tell me," said Nicholas. "You can go. Now, Mitsos," said Nicholas, when the footsteps died away, "you can begin and tell me how you got this."

Then Mitsos, with many pauses, told him all that had taken place between him and Suleima from the time he had first heard the voice out of the darkness down to this night, when again it had come to him lying outside the walls of Tripoli, and Nicholas heard him in absolute silence.

"And oh, uncle, if it be possible," cried Mitsos, "let her be safe when the end of the time comes! For there is no one like her, and it has been hard for me."

Nicholas heard it in wonder and amazement, but he had one more question to ask.

"But when you blew up the Turkish ship, Mitsos," he said, "did it not occur to you that she might be on board?"

"I thought she certainly was there," said Mitsos, "and it was not till it was all over I heard she was not."

Nicholas reached out in the darkness and took Mitsos's smooth hand in his.

"God forgive us all, Mitsos!" he said; "and do you forgive us?"

The pain and relief of telling all the story to a man whom he trusted and loved had been too much for the boy, and he choked in trying to find his voice.

"There, there!" he said, soothingly; "but what is the matter with the young wolf? He has had good news to-night, has he not? and has he not seen the one he loves? There is no cause for this, little Mitsos. But this will I do: by the oath of the clan I swear to you that nothing shall stay me, not fever nor wounds nor booty nor glory, only honor alone, from doing what in me lies to save her from all peril. Will that do, little one?"

Mitsos pressed his hand, but could not speak.

"But this you must promise," went on Nicholas, "that never again will you go out of the camp by night without leave. It leads with other men to ugly things, and to-morrow there will be one man the less in the army. The treacherous villain! But to-morrow he leaves the camp with disgrace and hissing, for he has made true the false slander of the primates, and brought shame on us all. And now get to bed, Mitsos. The service you have done in discovering this atones for your fault. Poor little cub! but it has been a hard time for you."

Next day Poniropoulos was publicly expelled from the camp, and afterwards Mitsos sought out Christos, and in private told him that he was a better fellow than he had supposed, and that the lie he had told Nicholas to screen the captain found favor in his eyes. Christos was reasonably surprised that Mitsos knew, and relieved to find he was not disposed to quarrel with it, and the two went off and put away a quart or two of resined wine, which Mitsos paid for.

The news that Monemvasia had surrendered, and the details of its surrender, were bitter and sweet, and tragic and absurd. Prince Demetrius, it appeared, defying the Senate in a fit of impotent rage against its perfectly proper opposition to his wishes, had insisted on signing the treaty of capitulation with his own name as Viceroy of the Country, Effendi, or Lord of the Country, and what not, and the Turks, opening the gates in order to go down to the ships and take their promised departure, found themselves met by a crowd of angry Mainotes, who considered that the treaty signed by the Prince, and not by the Senate, was null and void. A riot took place, and several Turks were killed on the point of embarking; but the better part of the Greek officers, seeing that the capitulation had been signed, and that whoever was to blame, the Turks were not, soon stopped it, and let the embarkation proceed, but not before five men had been killed and several houses sacked. Monemvasia had surrendered; so much was good, but all the rest was bad. The fleet and the army both distrusted each other, and the soldiers distrusted their commanders, who, thanks to the primates, were represented to them as having made private treaties with the wealthier Turks, and there was a fine quarrel as to who should set up the Greek standard on the fallen town. In one thing only was there unanimity, and that was in the feeling towards the Prince. He had shown himself weak and indecisive before, and that had been forgiven him; he had shown himself dilatory and incapable, and the commanders under him bore the blame; but now he showed himself, though with characteristic futility, evading and tampering with the recorded vote of the Senate, in which he had acquiesced at the last meeting in Tripoli. The futility of his act was comic; his motive was warped and crooked. In a word, in that moment all the rags of the authority which he had brought from the Hetairia were torn from him, and for all practical purposes his connection with the revolution may be said to have been over.

Without doubt the capitulation was hopelessly mismanaged, and the Turks got off without paying a penny towards the expenses of the siege; and if the same terms were given to every fortified place in the Morea, the national treasury and the funds of the Hetairia would certainly be drained dry before half the country was evacuated; and though morally nothing can excuse the scenes of horror which were about to take place, yet palliation may be found in those two things, that without plunder gained from the Turk the war was impossible, and that the nation was a nation of slaves long ground down by cruelty of all kinds, now in the first hour of their freedom. The despised but long dominant race was underfoot, and they stamped it down.

The Mainote corps was still at Monemvasia, where Petrobey was raising fresh recruits for the siege of Tripoli, and the Prince occupying his leisure time, of which he had twenty-four hours every day, in trying to festoon the walls of the town with red tape, when news came of the fall of the town of Navarin, a port on the west coast. Ypsilantes had sent there a civilian from his suite to represent the shadow of nothingness, and the Senate one of the worst type of men, who, under the guise of patriotism, had got together a large band of freebooters to plunder and seize all that he could lay hands on. Before the capitulation, which granted the besieged their lives and safe transport to Egypt or Tunis, had been concluded, many of the Turks had, under the stress of hunger, escaped from the town, and thrown themselves on the mercy of the Greeks with whom they had lived on friendly terms. But the town itself refused to capitulate till starvation compelled; already for four days nothing could be bought, for a couple of sparrows or a half-starved cat were worth a few hours' life, whereas a bushel of gold was worth nothing. One man, the day before the surrender, was found with a secret supply of food on which he had subsisted for some days, the remains of which were seized from him by two starving men and devoured before his eyes, after which, feeling in better spirits from the effects of the food, they pelted him with all the money they had about them. Perhaps some strange premonition of their fate induced the garrison to hold out; perhaps tales had reached them of what had been the fate of those who had thrown themselves on the mercy of the besieging army; and it was not till August 19, just a fortnight after Monemvasia was taken, that the capitulation was signed.

On that day an eternal blot of infamy is black against the Greeks. Hardly had the garrison evacuated, giving up their arms, when the representative of the Peloponnesian Senate thrust into the fire the treaty of capitulation, so that all evidence against him might be destroyed, and himself gave the signal for the massacre to begin. A pretext was easily found, and a blow given to a Greek by a Turk for insisting on searching the person of one of his wives for treasure concealed about her was enough, and in an hour no Mussulman was left alive. Women were stripped of their clothing, and rushing into the sea to hide their shame, were shot from the shore; babies were snatched out of their mothers' arms and flung in their faces; others, remembering the fate of the patriarch, hung men and women from the lintels of their own doors; some, it is said, were tortured before some one of their persecutors, more humane than his fellows, despatched them. Others, in mockery of the Turkish atrocities, were offered the choice between Christianity and death, and when they chose the former, were "baptized with steel" or crucified; a dozen or more were burnt alive in a house where they had run for refuge. In a couple of hours it was all over, and then arose quarrelling over the booty. Knives and rifles were brought in to settle the disputes, while in the mean time two Spetziot ships quietly went off with a greater part of the spoils.

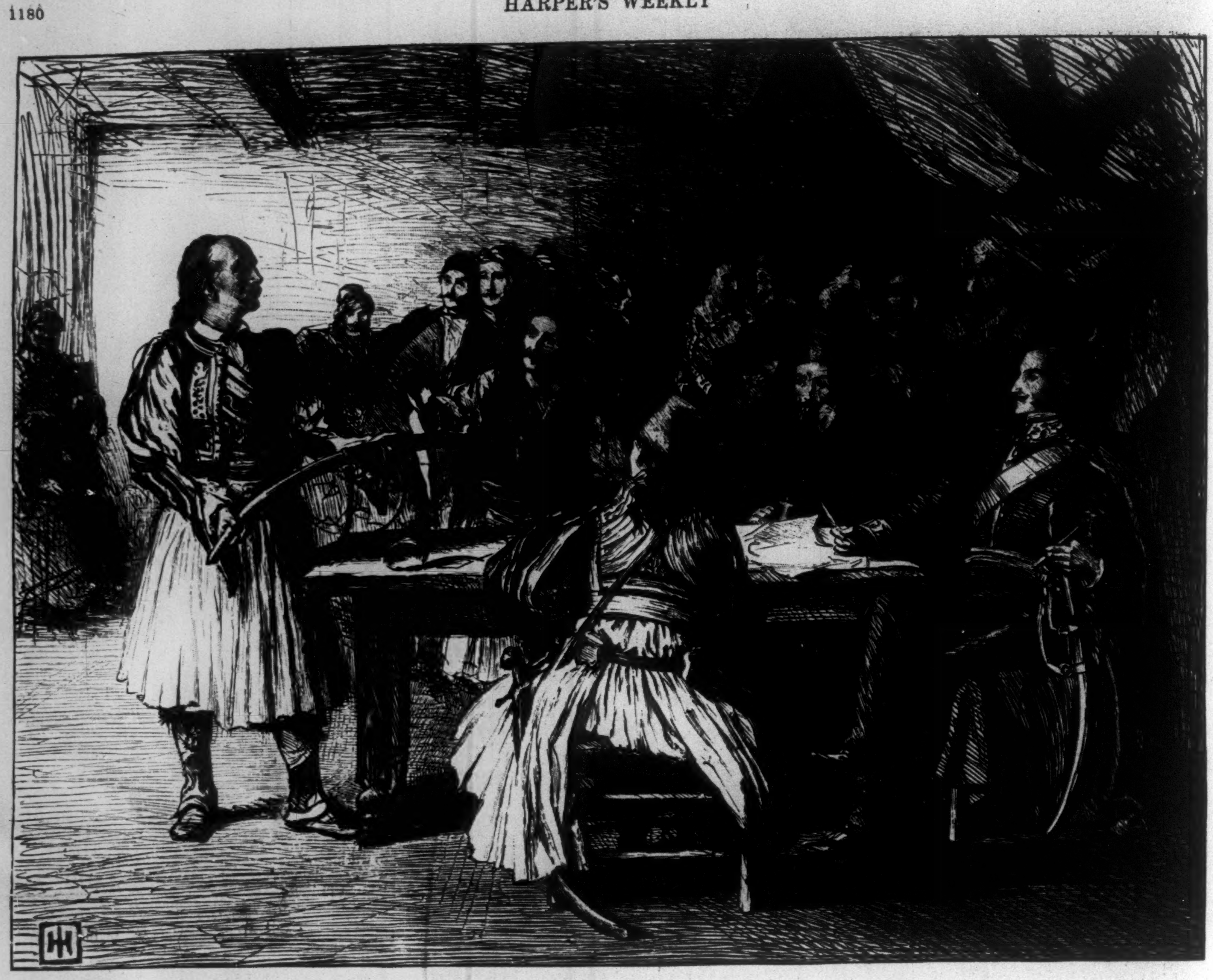
Thus ended the day, the disgrace of which will only be forgotten when the glory of men like Nicholas has faded too. Dark and horrible in part as were the deeds which were to follow, no cruelty so cold-blooded and preconcerted stains the other pages of the war. Cruelties there were, and many shameful deeds, but deeds wrought in hot blood and in the drunkenness of revenge, and happily the massacre of Navarin is unapproached and unparalleled.

By the beginning of September the Mainotes corps, with Petrobey and the Prince, were back at Tripoli. The course events had taken at Monemvasia had inclined the latter again to the side of the primates, for he interpreted the line the army had taken with regard to the capitulation of the place as an insult levelled at him. Germanos soon found this out, but being acute enough to perceive that the Prince's authority was just now worth nothing, saw that his friendship was equally valueless unless he could manage to rescue for him a few rags of the authority he had been stripped of. In any case, the support of the primates was something, and as the power of the primates varied in inverse ratio to that of the military commanders, he set to work again to discredit them with the troops. There it was that the strength of the revolution was beginning to lie, not in the Prince, who could not command others, nor in the Senate, which was unable to command itself, but in the people and the soldiers, who now for more than four months had waited for the fall of the city, still obedient to many utterly incompetent captains, and still steadfast in their nests on the hills. And Germanos's subtle brain, spinning threads out of itself, like a spider, set itself to catch the army, while at the end the army, like some great blundering bee, burst unheeding through his palace of silk, and left him hungry and in ruins.

The tales of slander went on, and another captain was detected in his infamous traffic with the besieged. It was certain also that provisions were being sold to the men within the walls, for one night a Turk was captured outside, and, to save his life, confessed that the besieged were supplied at starvation rates with bread and fresh meat. Upon this second detection Petrobey gave notice that if another case occurred the offender would be shot, and the night sentries were doubled. But whether the treason was more widespread than they feared, and the sentries were bribed, or whether the traitors were cunning enough to elude them, never came to light, but more evidence was found that the traffic still went on, and one day, at a meeting of the Senate, Germanos rose and denounced the whole body of officers.

"The siege still drags on," he said, "and no preparations are made for bringing it to a conclusion. In the name of patriotism, I ask why? To whose advantage is it that all these men are kept here from their homes and their work when the grapes are already growing ripe for the gathering, and there is none to gather them but only the birds? Is it the men who prefer to stop here in these kennels, roasted under the mid-day sun, and doing hours of drill? Is it to the advantage of the primates that we remain here while our churches stand empty and the tithes are remitted? Is it the most noble Prince Demetrius who detains the army on this inhospitable mountain? The reason is not far to seek. Who was it who was found trafficking with Abdul Achmet for the safety of the Turk and his harem, if not one of these captains? Who was it who last week only was detected in the same treasonable business but another of his class? Who is it now who is selling, as you all very well know, provisions to the besieged at rates which make a man soon rich? To whose advantage is it that we linger here, while within the town the Turk lies at ease, knowing no attack will be made, and only waiting till these infamous men are satisfied? The siege of Tripoli is this called? There has never been any such thing. This is the market-place of Tripoli, and the men who bring their country produce for sale are none other than the captains of the army. In particular, there is one among them who might have brought it to an end six weeks ago, had he wished. While the most noble Prince—whose eyes I feel it my duty to open on this point—was and is with us, they have the excuse that his authority is over them, that without his command they can do nothing. Very strenuous, no doubt, are their efforts to obtain his consent. Yet there is a speciousness about such an excuse, and we will leave it. But during the whole month of August the Prince Demetrius was not with us, and Nicholas Vidales was supreme here. I ask him, therefore, before you all, why, if he is an honest man, he did not attempt to take the town?"

Several times during this speech an angry murmur went up from the military section of the Senate, and Nicholas more than once rose to his feet and quieted them with a



"UNBUCKLING HIS OFFICER'S SWORD, HE LAID IT ON THE TABLE."

wave of his hand. He himself listened attentively, with a smile on his face, and when Germanos alluded to his honesty he laughed aloud. For ever since Mitsos had told him the story of his own part in the war, unsuspected by all, and only told when necessity drove—his silent heroism, his elimination of self—Nicholas had been faced with a secret shame at his own part. To withstand the primates in so far as they injured the cause was well; but was it seemly to brawl, to throw ineffectual words about—to waste, as he called it, "good anger"? What fruit had his angry gibes and sneers borne? Were the primates wagging their unamiable tongues less zealously? Were they not even speaking bitter truth when they said now that nefarious traffic was going on between the captains of the army and the besieged? If the evil was to be checked it must be checked another way, and not by sprinkling the scandalmongers with insults. For a long time he had contemplated taking a certain step, and now that the opportunity offered itself so fitly, he took it with as light a heart as that which a tired man bears homeward. At the same time, the openness of the accusation prompted an equal openness. Germanos should be answered as he had spoken, and then for the highest trump card to take the honor-laden trick.

So Nicholas, still smiling courteously, asked permission from the Prince, and in dead silence made his reply.

"We have open dealings at length from the Archbishop," he said, "and though I have dealt very openly with him from the first, yet never before has he favored me thus. He has told us that no preparations are being made for bringing the siege to a conclusion. That, with the permission of all present, I declare to be a deliberate lie. Ah! I must ask you to sit down," he said to Germanos, as he rose angrily to his feet. "You have had a fair hearing, and I expect the same. A lie," he continued, "because I can tell him it is untrue; a deliberate lie, as there is no need for me to tell him. He was here throughout the month of August, a month to which he alluded again later, and he knows that during that month I was drilling successive companies of men all day, and if he knew anything of military matters he would be well aware that it was my pleasure to see them improve considerably, so that now the greater part of them are efficient soldiers. He told us that it was not to the advantage of the soldiers to remain here, and that was in a sense true, though not wholly, for if it is to the advantage of these men that Greece becomes a free country, and it is their duty to help in securing its freedom, it is to their advantage that they remain here, for here they can acquire that knowledge which will enable them to fight successfully. He went on to tell us that it was not to the advantage of the primates to remain here. Then why in the name of God do they do so? for it is not to the advantage of the soldiers that they cause division and dissension among us. Let them go home and gather in the tithes their hearts desire. No one, not even I, will try to stop them. Yet they do not go, and we must suppose it is for some one's advantage that they stop. Can it be that some of them have an idea of getting possession of even a considerable part of the booty we shall take? Can it be that one of them—yes, no other than the Archbishop—came here in the name of his Master and asked certain men, no other than Petrobey and myself, for half the spoils which would be taken, giving half to the national treasury, and to the men, the soldiers who had fought and bled for it, the rest? Those spoils were to be devoted to the glory of God, and who but his priests, the primates and bishops, were to be trustees? And on that chance, of getting not half the spoils, but still enough to make it worth while to wait, we shall find the reason of their stopping here." Nicholas looked across at Germanos, who sat white and shaking with anger, and for a moment his passion flamed up. "Sit there and hate me," he cried, "for that will not harm me. If your motives were honest, why should I not tell them? and if not, there is more cause for them to be known."

Germanos suddenly started up.

"It is an infamous slander!" he exclaimed. But Petrobey, without moving from his seat, turned to the Prince, speaking loud enough to be heard by all.

"What my cousin has said is perfectly true," he remarked. "I was present myself."

"Please to sit down, Archbishop," said the Prince. "Nicholas Vidales is speaking to us."

"This man has told us," continued Nicholas, "that an infamous traffic is going on between the Turks and the captains of this army. We all know, unhappily, that there is some truth in that. Two months ago he was saying the same thing, and he and others busied themselves in spreading reports that it was so. Was that the part of an honorable man to spread those infamous lies about us, to slander and defame us to our troops? Is not the motive as clear as the noonday? By sowing discord and dissension and mistrust in our ranks, he hoped to see his grand scheme realized, to have the army flocking to him, pouring gold and treasure for the glory of God into the hands of his trustees. No great success has attended these efforts, and when the Prince Demetrius left the camp I do not know that the primates found themselves popular men. Finally an attack has been made on me personally. You have been told that at any time during the month of August I might have stormed the town had I wished. That is a black falsehood, though perhaps not deliberate, since the Archbishop knows nothing of military affairs. For, in the first place, my hands were full; it was necessary to bring a mere disorderly rabble to military efficiency, and that, to the best of my power, I did; and in the second place, though I was in command of these troops, I had agreed with my superior in command not to make any attempt while the army was weakened by the withdrawal of the Mainote division. I appeal to him to know whether this is or is not true?"

"It is true," said Petrobey.

"As to my having profited by these delays," continued Nicholas, "you have only my word against the word of another, but if he has any evidence to bring on that, I should be glad to hear it. I wait for his reply."

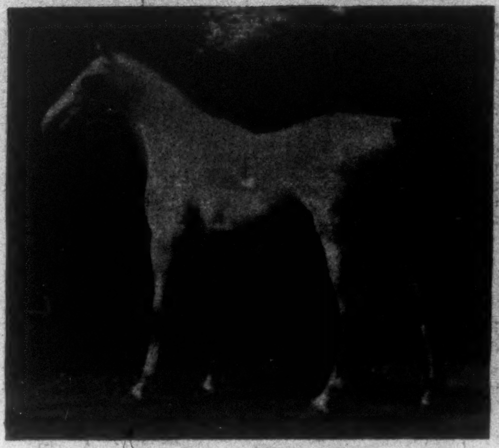
There was a dead silence. Germanos sat with his eyes on the floor, beaten and voiceless.

"If he is thinking over the evidence in his mind," said Nicholas, "fitting it together, as a witness and accuser should, let him say so, and I will wait."

Still there was silence, and Germanos, still proud and full of hate, sat speechless.

"So it is even as I told you," said Nicholas, "and these are malicious and lying words he has spoken against me. I am a man easily provoked, and, to my shame I speak it, one to whom forgiveness is a hard matter; but that—or so I think it—is a thing for which I ask pardon not of man, but of God. Here in this assembly I have been accused of the blackest offences; but the accusation was as black still, for it was the fruit of malice and falsehood. This is no matter for words of regret from one or of pardon from the other, for there is in my heart no pardon, and in his, I am very sure, no regret. Yet can I rid myself of the need of either. My heart is sick of intrigue and dissension, accusations and slander answering accusation, and I will have no more of them. As I stand in the presence of God, I have only one thought, and that is the freedom of my country, and I do not serve it by spending my time throwing words at men whose salt I would not eat. It is not so very long since another said his voice would be heard no more here, yet since then it has not been silent. To-day those words are mine. But before I go, one word. For the love of God, if any who sit here suspect me of treachery, treason, or any of those things of which I have been accused, as he hopes to be forgiven at the last day, let him stand out and say so." Again there was a dead silence, and Nicholas's face brightened, for the silence was sweet to him. "So be it," he said. "I go hence untouched by slander." Then unbuckling his officer's sword, he laid it on the table in front of the Prince. "My seat in the Senate, sir, I resign," he said; "my commission as an officer I resign also. By birth I am a Mainote, and, with your Highness's permission, I wish to be enrolled among the private soldiers of the corps." Then turning to Petrobey, "Old friend," he said, "once more we are together in the clan," and with a step as light as a boy's, and a heart springing upwards like a lark, rid at last of the burden of personal ambition, he left the room and went straight to where the corps was quartered.

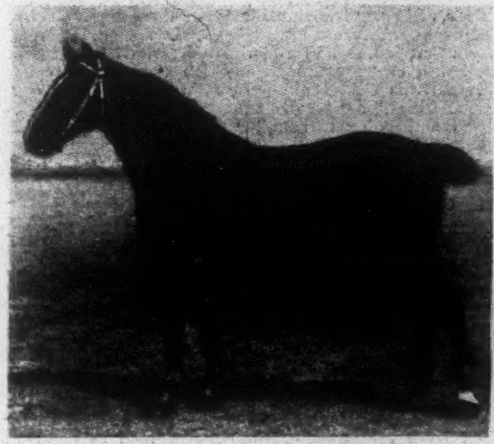
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



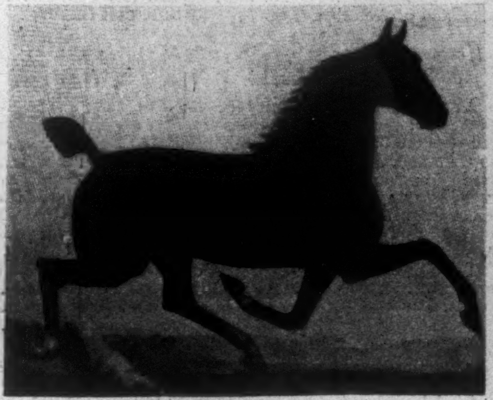
KASIM—PONY STALLION.

CUPID—WELSH PONY.

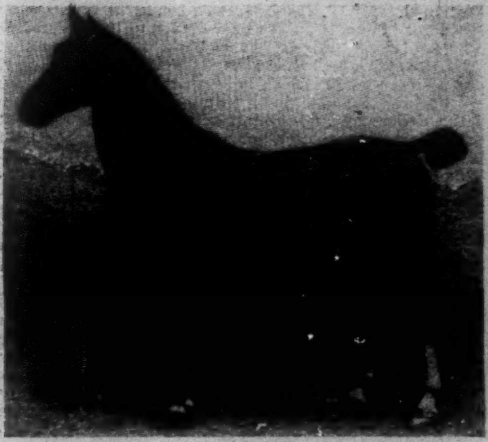
KELPIE—SHETLAND PONY STALLION.



CLIFTON II.—HACKNEY STALLION.

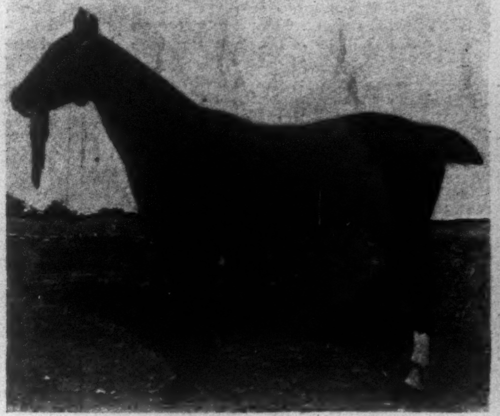


LADY SUTTON—HACKNEY.



VON HARBINGER—HACKNEY.

MORNINGTON CANNON—SADDLE HORSE.



PEANUTS—SADDLE PONY.

EMOLETA—ROADSTER.

THE HORSE SHOW.

PERHAPS no exhibition ever held by the National Horse Show Association has taught so many lessons as that just closed. Surprises have been so frequent that the show has been interesting, the prizes have not fallen all in the old places, and people have been shown that we need not go to England for hackney blood to help our harness horses. We have something better right at home, if we will but look for and preserve it.

The decadence of the hackney is one of the marked features of the Horse Show of 1897. Mr. Widener of Philadelphia, a most enthusiastic amateur, has not spared money to get the best, and has owned many hackneys. But he has a very cute Irishman in his employ who knows a good thing when he sees it, and, better than all, knows where to look for the good things when they are needed to pull off the prizes. When Jack Lyons started to hunt for prize-winning horses for the Widener stable, he has for years turned his face to the "Dirigo" State of Maine. Many is the good horse he has brought from the Pine Tree State; but when, this year, he brought home Von Harbinger, he discovered a diamond of the first water. This chestnut gelding is certainly the sensational horse of the show. Even that grand horse Coxey had to take second place when he came against the great horse from Maine, Cairnmoor, a grand little horse, getting third place, the English crack Storm King, said to have won 800 first prizes before coming to America, and old Leader the Scotchman, under a new name, being so fairly outclassed that they were not to be mentioned the same day. The way Von Harbinger can fold his knees, bend his hocks, and shoot along without breaking or hitching in his gait, is worth going far to see. Storm King and Leader the Scotchman can bend their knees and climb very high, but they cannot bend their hocks or get over the ground like this descendant of Almont and the Old Eaton horse of Maine. It is doubtful if his equal has ever been seen in Madison Square Garden, certainly not outside it on either side of the ocean. He also swept the deck in the Waldorf-Astoria cup competition, Cairnsworth and Holly also deserving special commendation for their fine showing.

This unexpected competitor for the truly great and only Coxey must have been a great surprise to Mr. Bates, though his American standard-bred trotting-horse had other good things fall to his lot that should save Mr. Bates from inconsolable grief. Coxey and Brown Donna won first in Classes 48 and 50 for doubles; Coxey and Whirl of the Town won first in Tandem Class 60; Coxey and Brown Donna also being in Mr. Bates's four-in-hand team that won the blue ribbon. They had no right to the award in Class 60. Mr. A. J. Nutting's team Duke and Holly fairly won in that class, outfooting and outacting both the Bates and Gagnon teams that were put before them by the judges. In the Waldorf-Astoria Cup contest the improvement in this class of horses in the last few years was shown by the wretched spectacle old Walsingham made of himself, as compared with the later comers—Walsingham, who aforetime has caused the roof of Madison Square Garden to ring as he pulled off the laurel wreaths of victory.

COXEY—HACKNEY.

Among other decisions that caused much criticism was giving a blue ribbon to old Sundown and Hurlingham. The first should have gotten "the gate" as an unsound old hack, and Hurlingham, too, has seen better days.

It was good to see Colonel Kip win once more with Emoleta in single-roadster class, and with Emoleta and Mambrino Belle in the doubles. These two mares, in breeding, conformation, manners, action, are absolute perfection. Doubtless there may be others, but they have never been shown in public, while Colonel Kip's road rigs are also of the highest order. The writer stood by the side of Mr. Harry Livesey, of Rotherfield, England, who came to judge the hackney classes of the 1894 show, when Colonel Kip's buggy was examined by the judges that year, to see what the Colonel considered a proper road outfit. When all had been taken out, he remarked —"By jove! I think the only thing lacking there is a box of Beacham's pills!"

Among the visitors at the Garden this year is Mr. Vero Shaw, who manages the horse shows in Crystal Palace, London. It is said that he is seeking to organize an international show, and that he has secured the co-operation of Mr. Henry Field, secretary of the Boston Horse Show Association, also manager of the Newport and Pittsburg shows. Mr. Field already has the promise of a number of American entries to such an enterprise. If classes are

made to fit the types, by all means have Colonel Kip's Emoleta and Mambrino Belle represent the American trotting roadster, Von Harbinger and Coxey the American high-stepper.

Other classes that filled well and showed excellent quality were the trotters. As usual, Village Farm was well to the fore in these classes, and carried off many first prizes. Their black stallion Dare Devil (2.09¼) is a star of the first magnitude, not only winning the blue ribbon in every class where shown, but also showing some remarkable youngsters among his offspring. Their American Belle won also in the three-year-old filly class, and Chimes in the class of stallions shown with four of his get. These are but a part of their winnings, but they show that the Hamlins are still in the front rank in the quality of their stock. The Quartermasters are always good, but all had to take back seat in the two-year-old stallion class to that great young horse Amby, 2.16¾.

The Shetland pony classes were very strong—the best ever seen at the Garden. Mr. T. L. Watt made a clean sweep of these. Kelpie has always been invincible, and that other son of old Montreal, Monte Carlo, makes with the old horse himself a combination such as probably no other breeder in the world, even the Earl of Londonderry, could equal.

Other ponies deserve attention, but only a few can be mentioned. Mr. T. C. Patterson's beautiful Welsh pony Cupid got his vindication this year for unjust treatment in 1894. He certainly is the very highest type to be found anywhere of his breed. In the pony class one size larger, for stallions above 12 hands and not over 14.1, Imp. Eclipse took the blue ribbon—a judgment open to question because of the deficiency in his hind action. Kasim, who got second, is a much better horse. The three-quarter-bred Arabian, Imp. Beau, got no attention, a marked illustration of the proposition put forward last week, that no judge should be asked to pass upon the merits of different types of horses in the same class. Saddle animals and harness nags should each be in a class by themselves. If the pony stallion class means harness ponies, and harness action is to win the prize, it should be distinctly stated in the conditions of entry.

The fact that Kasim won the red ribbon in this class was particularly gratifying to the friends of Mr. Randolph Huntington, breeder of the little gray. Kasim is a sample of Mr. Huntington's Clay Arabian horses, and completely outshowed all the hackneys in the class.

Speaking of Mr. Huntington and his horses, it is a pity some class could not be arranged at Madison Square Garden which would induce him to show his pure Arab horses. It would be worth a long journey to New York to see them. Naomi, the foundation of his herd, now twenty years old, looks not more than seven or eight. She is undoubtedly the best Arab mare that ever came out of the desert, and is so recognized by experts the world over. It is said to have cost Hon. Henry Chaplin and M. Sandeman $60,000 to land Haidee and Yataghan, dam and sire of Naomi, besides years of time by Major Upton, and Mr. Skene, her Majesty's Consul-General at Aleppo. These two men knew more about Arabian horses than any white men who ever studied the question; they spoke the language and lived for months in the tents of the Bedouins. Naomi is of the Maneghi Hedruj family (the long necks), the same family as the Darley Arabian, whose blood made the English thoroughbred race-horse what he is to-day. There also came to England two stallions of the same blood, Kismet and Maidan, and Mr. Huntington's Arabians represent the interbreeding of these three animals. Those who think of all Arabians as ponies in size have a surprise in store for them when they see these animals. He can show six females and five males, all a beautiful red chestnut, alike as pease in a pod, and all the mature ones over fifteen hands high, some of them nearly sixteen hands. No breeder outside Arabia can make such an exhibition; it is doubtful if any tribe of Bedouins in the desert can equal it.

Such a class might be put in place of "Heavy Draught Stallions, any breed." This class would better be dropped. At the Garden this year it brought out two animals, one of them an elephantine shire horse, with a bushel of hair falling to the ground like pantalets about each foot, and so lame that he almost fell into the ring. He should have been sent out without any award, as an unsound horse. Mr. H. L. Herbert, the judge, gave him, most charitably, a red ribbon, gave a big white horse the blue; then Mr. Herbert took the next Long Island train for a hunt with the Meadowbrook hounds, doubtless to get the bad taste out of his mouth.

One could not help asking, on seeing Mr. Herbert waste his time on such trash (he had three elephants to judge last year), why did not the Horse Show managers get a man like him to judge the saddle classes, instead of the three gentlemen who made such a mess of the judging in those classes? Mr. Herbert is president of the American Polo Association, one of the best 'cross-country riders in America, an all-round horseman, especially in the saddle classes, one who was sent for to Chicago to judge those classes in the great show just closed in that city. He lives in New York; but instead of availing of the services of so skilled a judge, the management commit the saddle classes to three gentlemen two of whom are known as harness-horse experts, though not distinguished as riding or being interested in riding horses.

The judgments in these classes have been most adversely criticised. Those old hacks Milady and Chester, given blue and red ribbons, Patsy McCord, a yellow; Tendresse, most beautifully ridden by Mrs. Gladding of Providence, and Joseph E. Widener's gray gelding, No. 536, turned out of the ring! Shades of Alexander the Great and Bucephalus! Those judgments were only equalled when Mornington Cannon was thrown down by the same men. To quote from Francis Trevelyan, in commenting on this judgment in the New York *Journal:*

> Mornington Cannon proved himself a horse of length, scope, and quality, up to carrying more than the weight prescribed (200 pounds), and at that as handy as a polo-pony; but, outside of Mr. Carey, the judges never gave him a second consideration. They were apparently looking for dray-horses, and it was to this class that the winner, W. D., a brown gelding, catalogued as being for sale, and owned by the professional dealer Charles T. Proctor, really belongs. Among the Cognoscenti this decision was more heartily condemned than any decision that has been rendered in recent years.

Thank you, Mr. Trevelyan. Let us say no more about these saddle-horse decisions. No honor attaches to the ribbons awarded in these classes.

The jumping was good, the classes well weeded out before the final competitions came off. In the high-jumping the good Virginia horse Chappie did 6 ft. 6 in. in clean style, Perfection and Lady Roseberry doing nearly as well. American Beauty set them all an example of fine work up to 6 ft. 3 in., where she met her limit. The great Canadian horse Desmond, owned by Mr. Coghlin, president of the Montreal Hunt Club, did not do himself justice, though ridden by a first-class man, Collier. Desmond was a winner in Toronto, and is one of the most reliable hunters in the Dominion. Probably his late arrival—Tuesday of Horse Show week—with his long car journey, prevented him doing himself justice.

The hackney classes were called very good ones, and Clifton II. carried off the stallion honors again. In the cup competition for hackney mares, Lady Sutton was most unjustly deprived of first prize, the mare winning over her being lacking in pace, and well fitted, by her shape, for a dray-horse.

The way these hackney classes are shown, with yelling grooms, and a gang of shouting and clapping heelers at the ring-side, is most offensive to well-bred people. It should not be permitted.

In the space given to this review of the Horse Show many points of interest to horsey people have failed of attention, from necessity. That some things will call for criticism is to be expected of all functions of this magnitude. However, let no one carry away the idea, from what has been written, that there has ever been in New York a better show, all things considered, than the thirteenth annual exhibition of the National Horse Show Association of America. SPENCER BORDEN.

PHILADELPHIA'S NEW LOAN.

AT the election of November 2 the citizens of Philadelphia, by a majority of 17,475, approved a proposition to increase the indebtedness of the city by an issue of bonds to the amount of $12,200,000. The circumstances which made necessary the submission of the loan question to popular vote were unusual, and interesting in themselves apart from the general attention which must be attracted by the proposed expenditure of over $12,000,000 for permanent municipal improvements.

The approximate debt of the city of Philadelphia is now $32,000,000. The Constitution of Pennsylvania, adopted in 1878, provides that in no case shall the debt of any city within the commonwealth exceed seven per cent. of the assessed valuation of its taxable property; and that there shall be no increase of debt over two per cent. of the same unless sanctioned by a vote of the people.

At the time of the adoption of the Constitution the net debt of the city of Philadelphia greatly exceeded the higher constitutional limit; but it was gradually reduced, until quite recently it had fallen below the two-per-cent. limit fixed. This decrease was somewhat accelerated by a decision from the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, which declared that the real debt of a city, for all practical purposes, is the difference between the face debt and the amount in the sinking-fund created for the discharge of municipal obligations as they fall due.

The city debt having fallen far below the seven-per-cent. limit, the Philadelphia Councils early this year passed ordinances authorizing the Mayor to issue a series of loans amounting in the aggregate to $11,000,000 for needed improvements. These loans were in process of negotiation, when certain citizens, doubting the city's right, under the fundamental law, to contract any further indebtedness, began a friendly suit in the Common Pleas Court of Philadelphia County to determine the question.

The loans were sustained by the court below, but the plaintiffs appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the State, and this court on May 31 reversed the decision of the lower court, Chief-Justice Sterrett, for the whole court, ruling that Philadelphia, in common with every other city in the commonwealth, must be held to a strict observance of the two-per-cent. clause, and that the proposed loans, greatly exceeding this limit, albeit keeping within the seven-per-cent. restriction, would not be legal unless sanctioned by popular vote.

This decision called a halt on every municipal improvement under consideration. It prevented the proposed steps to do away with grade crossings within the city limits, to establish filtration plants at the water-works, to provide adequate public-school accommodations, to improve the streets, to furnish the city with an art gallery for housing its valuable collections, and a building of size and proportion for its free public library, which enjoys a greater circulation than any other institution of its kind in the country.

City officials and public-spirited citizens were dismayed at the outlook; but after the consternation created by the adverse decision had somewhat died out, the Mayor, and a committee of representative citizens whom he called to his assistance in the emergency, decided to make use of the alternative pointed out by the Supreme Court, and appeal to the people to sanction the proposed loans.

The Councils took hold of the question once more, and a new ordinance was framed, providing for a series of loans to the amount of $12,200,000. The several items of the new loan were made up of the sums for all of the improvements which the former loan bills had authorized, and in this shape the question was submitted to the people at the beginning of the recent campaign.

It was not intended to make the loan bill a political question, but the Democratic City Committee, shortly before the election, adopted resolutions against the loan, on the grounds of extravagance, and then the Republican City Committee adopted resolutions favoring the proposition, and asking the Republican voters to give it their support.

Results prove that the people refused to consider politics in connection with the loans, for while the entire Republican city ticket was elected by pluralities averaging 65,000, the loans were approved by 17,475 majority, showing how closely the whole body of voters were divided upon the question. It is the opinion of prominent leaders that the present agitation against the proposed lease of the city gas plant, and therefore distrust of the present city administration and Councils, was responsible for the heavy vote against the loans more than any feeling that the sum should not be borrowed and the needed improvements made. Since the proposition has been approved, however, there is general congratulation on all sides.

It is to be noted that the approval of these loans by the people does not necessarily insure their issue, either immediately or in the future. It merely authorizes Councils and the Mayor, should they deem it advisable, to contract the increased indebtedness, and furnishes them with the legal authority necessary to proceed. Loans can be created only for the purposes named, and to the amounts stated; and before they can be issued Councils must pass ordinances covering each loan, and these ordinances must be approved by the Mayor. It is extremely likely, however, that all of the loans will be negotiated and placed and the improvements be begun within a reasonable period of time. WILLIAM JOHNSEN HOSTER.

THE NEW SOUTHERN SOCIAL LIFE.

WHEN the Secretary of State for India was recently interrogated in the House of Commons on the propriety of government purchases of steel produced in the Southern States of America, he answered that in the case under consideration the lowest British bid was much above that of the successful American bidder.

From the English stand-point the answer was conclusive, and there was nothing more to be said. The Secretary's reply, however, forces on American attention the extent of the revolution in social as well as in industrial life which has taken place in the Southern States.

In the spring of 1867 the late William D. (Pig-Iron) Kelley, of Pennsylvania, made a tour through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia. He described this part of the South as "a country on which the Almighty has bestowed his richest gifts, abounding in coal, iron, copper, and lead," but he saw everywhere "mansions abandoned and going to ruin," and "fields growing up in sedge-grass."

His language does not exaggerate what was then the ruinous condition of what are now the most prosperous States of the South. This condition, universally attributed at that time to "the desolation of war," was really the beginning of a new social era, as is now unmistakably apparent.

The deserted mansions seen by Congressman Kelley marked the passing of the old South and the coming of the new. In New England, and as far south as Maryland, the Colonial American had the social habits of the English villager. The key to his social life is still to be seen in New Jersey villages, where Colonial houses are standing. They are generally built with their doors opening almost, if not quite, into the street, while at the South twenty-five years ago the typical house was set as far back from the street or the country road as possible. The ideal Southern home of that period was that seen by Congressman Kelley—an imitation of the English manor-house, surrounded by an estate generally of several hundred and sometimes of several thousand acres.

These conditions still exist in parts of Kentucky and Virginia, but they are no longer the rule of Southern life. By a social revolution more radical, perhaps, than ever took place elsewhere in the same length of time, the educated class of the South has become industrial and commercial. The wealthy planters began abandoning their manor-houses immediately after the war, and the movement has gone steadily on, until town and village life is becoming as characteristic of the South as of New England. The movement in Tennessee and Alabama is now at its height, and though some are beginning to wonder how the towns and villages are to be supported when the country has been abandoned, the movement into them does not stop on that account. The reply to all such questions is that "something will have to be done about it after a while." Cheap Southern iron, exported to Europe and sold there at figures below the lowest European prices, is one of the things already done. The doing of others will be forced by the same causes which forced this.

The new South is not always as attractive to the eye as the old. It is painful to the æsthetic sense to see the hospitable mansion of what was once a Tennessee barony of a thousand acres deserted and the land given over to prosaic immigrants from Illinois, who cut it into fifty-acre tracts and surround it with the ugliest possible wire fences. But the new South takes these things philosophically. It has been revolutionized, and it knows it. It takes the present as it comes. The past has become wholly unreal. The future may give opportunities for renewed attention to the beautiful, but just now the South is too busy with reduction-works, cotton-factories, cotton-oil mills, coal-mines, and the like, to try to be as attractive as it was before it came to a knowledge of the advantages possible under a new social and industrial dispensation.

NEW YORK'S NEW ART-ACADEMY BUILDING.

WHEN the Academicians of New York succumbed to the pressure of their city's needs, which is driving the great schools and other public institutions of New York city from the shifting centres of the old town to the freer spaces of what was once the village of Harlem, there were many who regretted this inevitable solution of a growing difficulty. The older artists, as well as New-Yorkers in general, had become attached to the exotic little building near Madison Square, which, with its striped façade, brightly-colored awnings, and hospitable outer stairway, seemed to call for the splendors of Venice and the purple skies of Italy amidst the uncongenial surroundings of towering office-buildings, clanging cable-cars, and all the other ultra-modern accessories of so busy a thoroughfare as Twenty-third Street in New York city. Others of the artists, who were not so loath to quit the field before the encroaching hordes of downtown commerce, and who rejoiced at the promise of rich proceeds from the sale of land unsuited to their purpose, looked forward with doubt and apprehension to the proposed long flight to the Morningside Heights of North New York, into the trying vicinity of such architectural monuments as the Episcopal Cathedral, Columbia University, and Grant's Tomb.

In one respect at least these doubts have been dispelled. The outcome of the recent competition of prominent architects for the erection of a new Academy building, with the final award by a jury of eminent architects and Academicians to the accompanying design of Messrs. Carrère

& Hastings, has convinced those most interested in the project that the National Academy of Design, on its new site near the old battle-field of Harlem, will be a worthy compeer of the stateliest of its neighbors on the heights misnamed by some "The Acropolis of New York."

Of all the plans that were submitted, so it would appear, this design was the most modern in character. Such, at least, was the opinion of the jury of selection, which was composed of William H. Hart, J. Carroll Beckwith, Edwin M. Blashfield, and Frederick Dielman, with an advisory committee of architects composed of Charles F. McKim, John G. Howard, and Robert Peabody of Boston. The other architects who competed were George B. Post, Ernest Flagg, Henry J. Hardenburgh, Babb, Cook, & Willard, and Edward Pearce Casey. The decision awarding the palm to the design of Thomas Hastings and John M. Carrère is understood to have been unanimous.

As designed, the new Academy will be of monumental character, and markedly simple. In its modern treatment of the most tangible expressions of the latest real architectural era in the reign of Louis XVI., the design, in its central portion at least, recalls the beautiful museum at Nantes, in France, a masterpiece by M. Josso.

The monumental features of the design may be surmised from the dimensions called for by the specifications, which aimed to cover the ample limits of an entire avenue block, so that the building as projected will present a front measuring 200 feet, with a side width of 170 feet, and a height of 70 feet. The front, facing the future Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and the intervening street, which marks the northern boundary of Central Park, rises two stories high, while the rear, looking out upon 109th Street, will have four stories, the larger part of this section being intended for the use of the students and working artists in the Academy.

The structure is to be of white marble, and will probably cost more than a half-million dollars, $300,000 of which has already been secured by the proceeds of the sale of the former site of the Academy. The ground upon which the new building is to stand is sloping, and it is hoped that when the first excavations are made, this coming spring, no such difficulties may be encountered in the rocky substratum of ground as those that have puzzled the builders of the massive cathedral opposite.

The front of the building, as indicated on the upper story in the illustration, is to be adorned with original statues representing the arts, standing in seven niches between six sets of double columns with simple Ionic capitals, surmounted by a row of consoles extending along the entire front of the building, and joining the roof-line of the two receding side wings. Above the statues, near the roof, in corresponding spaces reserved by tablets, will be carved the names of Phidias, Giotto, Raphael, Angelo, Titian, Dürer, and Velasquez. These tablets, ranged between dwarf columns corresponding in position to the double columns below, will extend along the whole upper front of the building. On the ground-floor, just above the level of the street, runs a row of Renaissance windows with balustrades. In the centre is a single entrance-door, the stone steps of which are flanked by two massive bronze lamp-posts. The door, the actual width of which is twelve feet, appears almost small because of the heroic proportions of the general plan. Other doors, in the rear, serve as entrances and exits for the students and for those whose duties require a daily attendance at the Academy.

After passing through the main entrance, the visitor crosses a corridor leading to a large sculpture hall. By traversing this through the centre at right angles he will enter a colonnade, which bounds three sides of a square central court with a fountain and foliage, covered, like *la cour vitrée* of the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, by a large glass dome. The rear of this court opens into a row of studios, which intervene between the colonnaded court and the rear wall of the building. To the west of the open court with its colonnade lies the amphitheatre, the dome of which rises through the upper stories to a skylight of its own, after the manner of the amphitheatre of the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris, which harbors the magnificent wall-painting portraying the history of the arts by Delaroche. In the space left between the west end of the sculpture hall and the rotunda of the amphitheatre rises a monumental stairway, which divides at the second story to ascend by two flights to the story above that. The space left at each end of the sculpture hall in the front of the building, and on the side east of the open court, opposite the amphitheatre, is reserved for a large library, administration offices, and various council and committee rooms, while the large front rooms are set apart for public exhibitions. Above, on the second floor, are found the picture-galleries, in spaces corresponding to that of the sculpture hall on the first floor, a historical room just above the library, and a host of smaller studios and lecture-rooms in the rear, deriving their north light from the interior court, as is the case on the floor above.

Apart from the essentially artistic purposes for which this building is primarily designed, its most interesting feature, as above indicated, is the distinctly modern character of the design as such. In this respect it may be considered as the first important exponent of the theory of its creators, which was but lately expressed by Mr. Thomas Hastings in an article published in HARPER'S MONTHLY in February of this year, where he wrote as follows:

> Let us always endeavor to do new work without mere copying and adapting, yet studying applicable precedents, especially from classic and Renaissance times. This natural method of dealing with new work will settle for us this entire question of a modern and national style of architecture.
>
> Originality is a spontaneous effort to do work in the simplest and most natural way. The conditions are never twice alike; each case is new. The true artist leaves his temperament and individuality to take care of themselves.

In this case, as in so many others, the artist's peculiar execution of his pet theory is of more value than the theory itself, and this must account in part for the lively interest evoked among American architects by his recent successes and by those of his fellow-workers who hold the same views with him.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION.

THE extraordinary architectural beauty of the "White City," at Chicago, was seriously marred by the very bad designs of the United States Government Building and the Illinois State Building. Since then a decided change for the better has taken place in the character of the supervising architect's office at Washington, and this has borne fruit in the designs for the United States Government buildings for the Tennessee Centennial Exhibition at Nashville, and the Trans-Mississippi Exhibition at Omaha. At Nashville—barring the reproduction of the Parthenon for the Fine Arts Building—the National Government Building was the architectural masterpiece of the exhibition, while at Omaha the noble design for the United States edifice makes it thoroughly worthy of the place of honor assigned to it in the magnificent central group. This new spirit is so gratifying that those who have been instrumental in effecting the change deserve recognition for their share in the work, from Mr. William Martin Aiken, the recent supervising architect, to the talented designers who have given realization to his ideas. In our recent article on the Trans-Mississippi exhibition, the fact that Mr. Edward A. Crane was the personal representative at Omaha of the office at Washington caused the credit for the design to be given to him. It appears, however, that the design originated with Mr. G. O. Totten, Jr., the chief designer in the office at Washington, who furnished the preliminary sketches, which, after Mr. Aiken's resignation, were placed in Mr. Crane's hands by the acting supervising architect, with instructions to re-study the building as he might desire, and he has since had charge of the work. Mr. Crane feels that Mr. Totten's authorship should receive full recognition, which is here cordially given.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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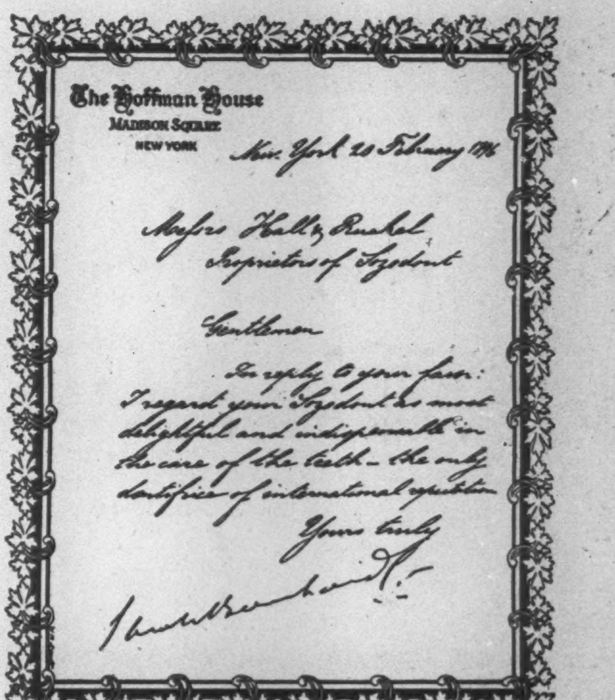

The Hoffman House
MADISON SQUARE
NEW YORK

New York 20 February 1896

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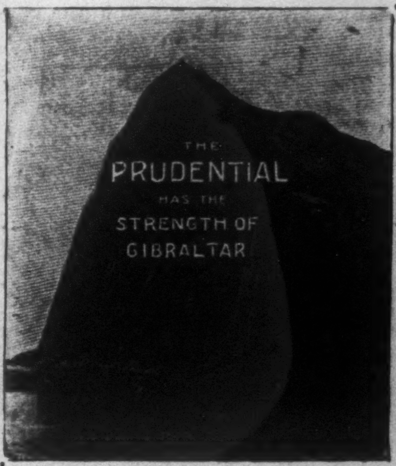

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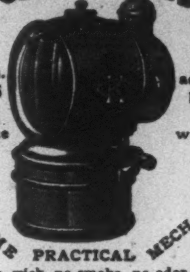

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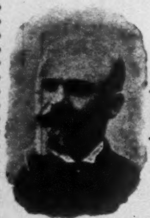

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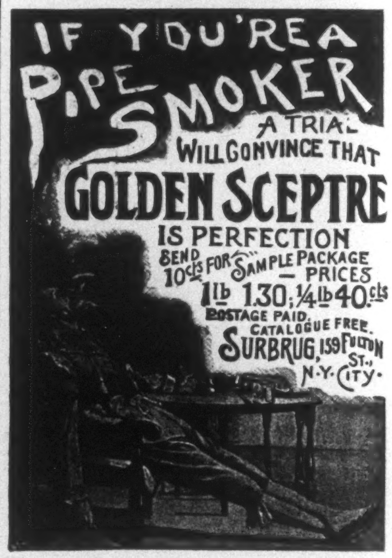

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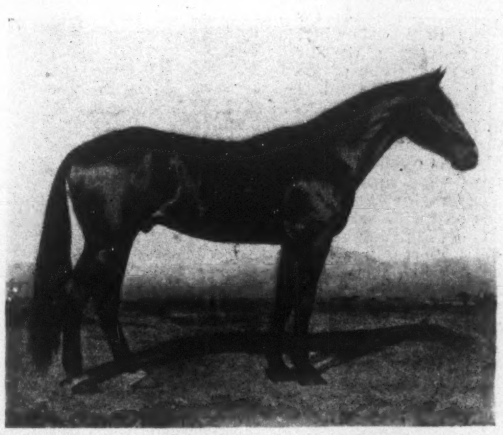
THE FOUR FASTEST PACERS IN THE WORLD.

In the East, especially near New York, the light-harness meetings do not attract the general public as do those of the thoroughbreds. Hence pacing-races are comparatively unknown events to the great majority of the sporting community. In the West, however—though even there the pacer has come into great popularity only recently—enormous crowds assemble to witness a meeting between two or more of these equine champions at the gait. This season these crowds have, as a rule, been well rewarded for their interest, the records in many of the small events having been lowered, while the two-minute limit has finally been passed by Star Pointer, one of the four great pacers of the day.

But to attain this marvellous speed required a period of sixty years of gradual progression towards the two-minute limit, the original pacer being the Tennessee saddler, or that type bred in the middle Southwest. The authentic record of the pacing-horse driven to wagon does not extend further back than 1839—when a gelding named Drover did a mile over the famous Beacon course in New Jersey in 2.28—all previous pacing-records having been to saddle. This was then considered as remarkable time, and it was not until five years later that the famous mare Fanny Ellsler clipped off half a second. From that date till the present the record has been reduced by seconds and half-seconds until 2.06 was reached by Johnston, in 1883, to a high-wheeled sulky. After Johnston came champions of a more recent date, mostly to the bicycle sulky, among them being Direct, Mascot, Flying Jib, Robert J., and John R. Gentry. The last two, photographs of whom are reproduced here, came close to the seemingly impossible limit. Star Pointer, however, was the long-hoped-for two-minute horse.

Indeed, this must be considered the pacing year *par excellence* in light-harness sport, as not only have four



STAR POINTER.
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great pacers—Star Pointer, John R. Gentry, Joe Patchen, and Robert J.—been before the public the entire season, but Star Pointer, the greatest of them all, has performed a feat which for many years has been considered impossible. This supposed impossible task was the breaking of the two-minute limit for the mile, which this king of pacers accomplished at Readville, Massachusetts, in August last, by finishing in 1.59¼. Moreover, during the season Star Pointer placed the time, race, and stallion records to his credit; but his chiefest glory will always remain in the fact that he was the first two-minute horse. The marvellous character of the performance cannot be grasped at once by the general public, but when the student of speed examines the records of the past, then, and then only, can he realize the greatness of the unparalleled achievement. Moreover, to the lover of blood lines, and to the believer in the breeding theory that like begets like, this signal victory of speed *versus* time cannot but be highly gratifying, for Star Pointer represents in his lines the acme of pacing breeding. This great horse was foaled in 1889, and was bred by H. P. Pointer, of Spring Hill, Tennessee, his sire being that prince of pacing-speed Brown Hal, dam Sweepstakes (dam of Hal Pointer, 2.04½), by Knight's Snow Heels; 2d dam Kit, by McMeehan's Traveller. Sold as a yearling, as a two and a three year old he gave no promise of future greatness, and it was not till 1894 that he showed any indications of extreme speed, and at that only competed in two races. The following year told a different story. He started in only six races, and won them all, meeting and defeating all the speediest flyers of the year under the skilful driving and able generalship of E. S. Geers, who stands at the head of his profession as trainer and driver. When returned to his Tennessee owner, he was thought to be lame, and the following May was sold for $5600 to E. Mills, of Boston.

Star Pointer did not open the campaign of 1896 under very flattering auspices, as on August 8, at Combination Park, Boston, Joe Patchen defeated him in 2.13¼, 2.08¾, and 2.05¼, Star Pointer being distanced in the second heat. On September 2, at Fleetwood Park, he did no better, as he was last in the first heat and was distanced in the second in the free-for-all, won by John R. Gentry in 2.03¾, 2.03¼, and 2.03¼, at that time the fastest race on record. Frank Agan was second and Robert J. third, and it was a whirlwind race between this trio. On September 18 Star Pointer, at Mystic Park, Boston, established a new record, and though he did not beat John R. Gentry's time record in a race, 2.01½, he made the fastest three heats in a race, defeating Frank Agan and Robert J. in 2.02½, 2.03¼, and 2.03¾. This was his crowning victory for the year, though he won other creditable races later in the season, defeating Joe Patchen, Frank Agan, and Robert J. At the Fasig sale at Madison Square Garden, last March, he was again sold at auction, and was bought by James A. Murphy, of Chicago, for $16,000, and with one exception this year his career has been a series of brilliant victories. He opened the campaign of 1897 at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, on July 5, defeating John R. Gentry and Frank

ROBERT J.
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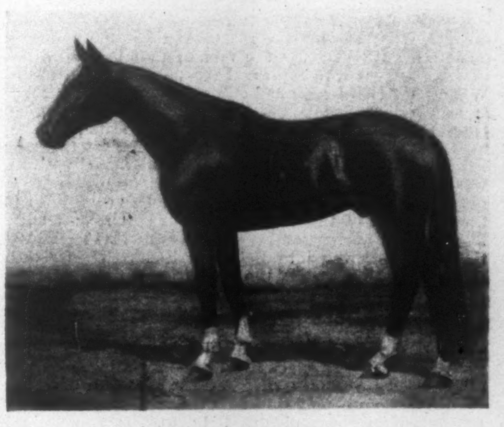
Agan. Later on, at Washington Park, Chicago, he defeated Joe Patchen, and repeated the performance at Cleveland. At Columbus, Joe Patchen was in great form, and defeated Star Pointer in straight heats, winning the second in 2.01½, thus equalling the champion race record. At the Fort Erie (Buffalo) meeting Star Pointer paced a mile against time in 2.01¾, and a week later he defeated Joe Patchen a return match, at Washington Park again, his best time being 2.02. His final and greatest triumph was at Readville, Massachusetts, August 27, when he paced in 1.59¼, and became the first horse to go below two minutes.

While there was little hope that day that Star Pointer would break the record, the weather conditions were perfect for such an effort, and, as in other affairs of life, it is the unexpected that always happens. The air was still and warm, and the track as perfect as the skill of man could make it. After the usual preliminary warming-up, Star Pointer was sent a mile in 2.12, and then, at the third attempt, was given the word for his record-breaking trial. The first furlong was done in 0.15, the quarter in 0.30, and unbelievers said "he will never hold the clip," but with the courage of a lion and the speed of a locomotive he shot to the half in 0.59¾, and the public began to realize that they were watching the speed event of the century. Could he last? In response he reeled off another quarter in 0.29¼, and then the suspense was almost painful; but it was soon over, as without a falter the great horse gamely responded and came home, the last quarter in 0.30¼, or a mile in 1.59¼. The crowd cheered again and again; McCleary, the driver, was carried by his enthusiastic confrères to the judges' stand, and the seemingly unbreakable two-minute limit was a thing of the past. Star Pointer's claim to the title of champion cannot well be disputed, as in one short season he has become a triple-crowned king, being the world's-time champion, the race champion, and the stallion champion.

Star Pointer is the only great pacer of recent years bred upon pacing lines, his rivals of to-day all deriving their blood from trotting families. In this particular Joe Patchen is probably the most notable of the "big four"—as this quartet is known in the West—as his ancestors are representatives of the four great trotting families—Hambletonian, Mambrino Chief, Andrew Jackson, and Vermont Black Hawk. While not as yet having been able to enter the magic two-minute circle, Joe Patchen has a grand career behind him, and may yet wrest the laurels from his great rival. Owing to his great gameness, Joe Patchen is even more popular than Star Pointer in the West; the fact that even to-day he holds the world's record, defeating Star Pointer in a race, 2.01½, endearing him above his record-breaking antagonist in the hearts of many. His first appearance in public occurred in 1893 in a three-minute "pace or trot," which he captured with ease; his two other starts that year were defeats, his great



JOE PATCHEN.
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speed having not then attained its full development. In 1894 and 1895 Joe Patchen was a very busy campaigner, starting nineteen times each year, reducing several track and the half-mile track racing record to 2.08. The last two years most of Joe Patchen's efforts were made against the watch; but, as stated above, he still holds the race record, 2.01½, and has to his credit the best performance to wagon, 2.04¾. This year, however, his four contests against Star Pointer were grand performances, though he won only one of the four.

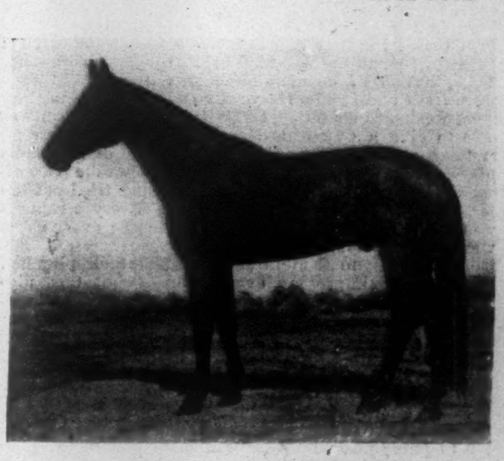
Neither John R. Gentry nor Robert J., the former of whom is only half a second behind the dividing-line which means greatness, has this season had a fair opportunity to test his powers to the best advantage. Both have been touring the country in a special car, giving exhibitions, breaking track records, of course, and generally hippodroming, their present owner, a prominent Wall Street broker, having determined upon this lucrative if not as glorious a method of utilizing their great speed.

At the beginning of the season John R. Gentry held the world's-time champion record of 2.00½, the race championship with a record of 2.01½, and the stallion championship. He was in truth a champion, and the public looked to him to cut the mark to two minutes. John R. Gentry has, we believe, as much speed as ever he had, as his mile in 2.03¾, over the slow Poughkeepsie track, at the meeting of the New York State Trotting-Horse Breeders' Association proved. It was, in the opinion of many good judges who saw it, as good as a mile in 2.00 over a first-class track. But his mode of management mitigated against his being at his best.

The same statement applies to Robert J., who, however, has unquestionably passed his prime, though he still retains his marvellous speed for a half or three-quarters of a mile.

Next season, if different methods are employed in their management, there is no reason why the present record of 1.59¼ should not be lowered by one of this great quartet of pacing kings, Star Pointer in particular, the present champion, having shown ability to still further reduce it.

H. A. Buck.



JOHN R. GENTRY.
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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for Harper's Weekly.

During Mr. Whitney's absence this Department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

The annals of athletics contain many odd chapters, but hardly one more remarkable than that devoted to the after-math of the Harvard-Yale football game at Cambridge. If the rewards are as at present depicted in the columns of the press, one is prone to ask what in the name of all that is reasonable could possibly tempt a man in his senses to become the coach, the captain, the quarter-back, the full-back, or even a member of a promising football team?

If a man works faithfully he may get on the team; he may become a full-back, and be accredited with losing the game, or a quarter, and misdirecting it; or a captain, and sacrificing college to selfish ambition; or, finally, after years of service to the university, he may, by devoting all his days and most of his nights to the problems of coaching, reach the acme of having pig-headedly disregarded the advice and knowledge of every friend of his university, and plunged what might have been a winning team into the slough of sure defeat by imperfect and injudicious methods.

It is impossible for me to believe one-half the stories that are vouched for regarding the freedom of criticism indulged in and directed upon those in one way or another connected with the football interests at Cambridge. I fancy that if each rumor were really run to earth the whole would be found to have but a small amount of warrant in the facts, and the matter simmer down to a rather natural reaction following upon a condition of over-confidence. One of the Yale coaches said to me last week that the only time he ever felt really confident of winning was last year, and he was then beaten 24 to 6. As to the taking away of the emblematic "H" from the front of the sweaters of the Harvard team, such action, if it be true, would hardly have been without either the authority of the Athletic Association or else the tacit consent of the team, for the province of the coaches would not extend to such a limit.

There are just two ways of bringing up a football team: *Criticise them for their good or spoil them by praise.* No

"A PRIMER OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL."—By W. H. Lewis.—Illustrated.—16mo, Paper, 75 Cents.—Harper & Brothers.

team will keep always extending itself save under the whip and spur of continual, and many times extremely severe, criticism. The criticism should be true; and owing to the difficulty of attaining perfection in this sport, it is no very great problem to find the faults. As soon as a team is praised—and this does not apply to a kind word here and there for any good conscientious individual effort, but to the quality of the work as a team—and told that if it keeps at its present standard it will win, that team will never make another particle of progress, but will surely fall off. The rock upon which most coaches and teams have gone down is that of "keep the team just where it is now!" A team goes up or goes back; it never stands still. Would not Princeton's coaches and trainer have done everything possible to keep the Princeton team just where it was when it met Lafayette? The Yale game was only two weeks away. All that could be embodied in their highest wishes was to "keep the team just where it is." It did not seem to be difficult, but it cannot be done. A team must be on the road always. It is either coming or going, and no year ever gave such a practical demonstration of the fact as has the season of 1897. Princeton and Pennsylvania both furnished the most marked instances of being ready before they were needed and paying the penalty, though Pennsylvania's did not happen to be as severe as that of Princeton.

Another point which the Harvard-Yale game seemed to bring out with unusual force was the difficulty of calculating exactly the effect of interference and the problem of resistance. Harvard was unfortunate in never having had, during the entire season, a chance to use her men against anything like the rugged resistance they were certain to encounter in the Yale game. It was not so much the fault of Harvard's schedule that this became true as it was the fault of the schedules of her opponents. Harvard should have secured just what she wanted out of the Brown and Cornell games. But Brown's schedule brought her against Yale only a few days before her match with Harvard, and Cornell's schedule contained a Princeton game the Saturday before the Harvard match. Thus, instead of meeting these two teams when they were fresh and strong, Harvard met them when in their most weakened condition, and when neither of them was able to give a practical demonstration of what strong and eager opponents would do in the face of Harvard's plays. Yale was getting exactly the opposite experience. Yale was on the very edge of being tried out too far, to the extent of being defeated. Every weakness was brought out to its greatest prominence; every effort was directed toward remedying those weaknesses. The men who went to Cambridge knew that their play had been steadily improving every moment, but they also knew that if they did not play the very best game of their lives they were going to be beaten, for they had seen their team tested and strained and put to its limit not only in daily practice, but in at least two matches.

The plays with which the Harvard team was equipped worked well in practice against the "scrub" eleven. The two teams were not equally matched, and it was impossible to judge just what the position of each man in the play would become when the interference and the line were against desperate men. When the plays were put against the weakened elevens already named their operation was similarly satisfactory. For the first two or three times at the beginning of the Yale game the interference was all right, but after that the ripping charge of the Yale line was upsetting, and, save for a short period at the opening of the second half, Harvard's offence was not productive of gains, and to the observer had an entirely different appearance from that presented on these other occasions. The same thing was true in the Pennsylvania game.

That Brown with two such backs as Fultz and Gammons should have beaten the Indians was not extraordinary. In fact, the Carlisle men played a remarkably strong, hard game, when everything is taken into consideration. It is to their credit. But it was not entirely to the credit of either team that the game should have exhibited certain of the old objectionable features. They can be and are being stamped out of the game, and when Harvard and Yale can play such a match as that of the 13th, Princeton and Yale such a game as theirs of the 20th, it is possible for others to do the sport justice. But speaking of the actual play, neither of her star half-backs availed Brown much at West Point. The cadets rounded out their season's work by simply burying, past all hope of resurrection this season, the remnants of Brown's team; Dartmouth did the same by Williams, and in doing it settled the championship of their league. Lafayette used Wesleyan as the target for all sorts of play; the triple pass at the opening, by which Walbridge ran the length of the field, being the most remarkable, although this doughty hero made several other runs of length during the afternoon.

Cornell seems to be getting her second wind, and, in spite of the drubbing Harvard gave her, may pull into shape so as to put up a respectable game against Pennsylvania. This she certainly managed to do last year.

There is no one point in football ruling that seems so little understood throughout the country generally as that the referee's decision is final in all points not covered by the umpire. It makes no difference how much divergence of opinion may exist between the teams, no difference how many of the audience may think the referee wrong. There is no court of appeal from his decision, and the only satisfaction those who think him wrong can have is to "have their opinion of his ruling." In the days of the old Inter-collegiate Association the law was that the referee was absolute in questions of fact, but that an appeal might be made to the annual meeting of the association in case the point involved was one of the interpretation of a rule. But with the dissolution of the old Association vanished all hope of any appeal, and unless the two competing teams are members of an association whose constitution provides specifically for a court of appeal, the referee's decision is final. It may be in the minds of many that after the last Springfield game there was considerable newspaper discussion as to the decisions of the officials, but nothing was accomplished by that discussion. The score stands. There was also this year an amount of discussion regarding the decisions of the officials in the Yale-Indian game, but it did not in any way alter the facts or the score. To tell the truth, when two teams agree upon an umpire and a referee, they agree to something specific—they agree to the decisions of these officials as provided for in the rules, and must abide by those decisions, no matter "whose ox is gored." And, on the whole, this is probably far more satisfactory in the long-run than it would be if the audience were the arbiters, or if the decision depended upon who could secure the most opinions upon his side. The officials are provided with the best positions to watch the play, they are selected with an especial regard to their fairness and freedom from partisan bias, and, finally, they are the choice of both teams, or else they would not be on the field. Football is preferably played on the gridiron, and not in later fruitless discussion. To secure the best officials obtainable and then abide by their decisions is the best advice that can be given any team.

At New Haven, on Saturday, Yale put the crowning triumph to her most remarkable football record. Mr. Butterworth, with Captain Rodgers and his men, performed the marvellous by defeating Princeton and sending her off the field completely vanquished. The Yale team, slow to develop, as are all Yale teams, three weeks ago could hardly walk alone, and the only thing of which one could be sure was that in the team there was the "Yale spirit," or "sand," or "pluck," or whatever one chooses to call it. That was the one great possession of the Yale team, and it was upon that its future depended. The original selection had been based upon that belief, and even in its most mediocre games the team showed its birthright. In addition to this the physical condition of the team when it came to its final contests was simply perfect. Keene Fitzpatrick, its trainer, put it into and through a Harvard and a Princeton game without a man leaving the field, and with but a single call of time for an injured player. Such a triumph of training has never before been equalled. In both games the Yale team had the appearance of being able to easily play another hour. There was a life and increasing vigor about its play that was especially disheartening to its opponents. The Yale captain and his companion tackle Chamberlain were impassable, while the centre trio and the ends grew steadily superior to their opponents.

Princeton came confident, and rightfully so. The Yale partisans could feel more assured of the stuff there was in their team since the match with Harvard had tried them out, but the odds looked too great for more than a glimmer of reasonable hope. After the snow-storm of the morning, from which the ground had been protected by a covering of straw, a northwesterly wind had sprung up, and by the time the two captains tossed for choice there was a very marked advantage in the northerly goal. Captain Cochran won the toss and took that advantage. In the first five minutes the two teams seemed to be trying their strength in both kicking and running. In the former Princeton showed up the stronger, and this superiority was increased as the ball rose above the crowd, where the wind had full sweep. Baird understood this, and cleverly lifted his punts well up in the air. Yale did not handle them well, and her own kicking was not up to the mark. But the stiffness and strength of her line were brought out most vividly after the first few plays, and the two lines of forwards never met without an almost imperceptible yielding on the part of Princeton. This was the case in the Harvard game as well, and it boded ill for the promised success of Princeton's plays, which depended supremely upon a stiff line for her gains.

The advantage gained by Baird's kicks was growing less as the half went on. McBride was punting better, but especially was the Yale team showing itself quite equal to stopping any attempts at continued ground-gaining in the running line by Princeton. So the half wore away, the hearts of the Yale sympathizers being now and then given great jumps by some fumble of a kick retrieved by Hall, but beating more and more calmly as the strength of the Yale team in defence became more apparent. Then suddenly De Saulles, the dangerous De Saulles, as both Harvard and Princeton must have learned to consider him, found his chance of a broken-up field, and came flying down, dancing to the right or left, eluding or throwing off the Princeton men, until he was finally brought to earth with but five white lines between him and the Princeton goal. The Yale stands went crazy with delight, but a fumble on the very first down brought quiet more quickly than could a cordon of police, and Princeton punted back out of danger.

The second half found Yale stronger and more dashing than ever, and after a close call for Princeton for a safety, inside of ten minutes Dudley was propelled over the line for a touch-down, which Cadwalader easily converted into a goal. During the rest of that half McBride's punting increased in vigor and became better in direction. When poor Baird, who had entered the game a sick man, and could no longer combat exhausted nature, was dragged from the field, the Princeton punting became more erratic. But with the odds increasing against them, the Princeton players and partisans would not give up or weaken. The cheers rang out as vigorously and the players went at it nobly. For a brief five minutes the line-plunging of the Princeton backs was almost superhuman in its energy, and the ball was carried steadily up the field until well into Yale's territory. Then a disastrous fumble took away the last gleam of hope, and Yale plunged irresistibly down until, on the very edge of the Princeton goal, the call of time put an end to the struggle.

Harvard went down to Philadelphia determined to do or die. Cabot, the captain, was forced to add his name to the long list of Harvard captains who have been unable to play in one of her big games. But his team made a stubborn fight, and, especially in its stand on its very goal-line, showed that there is the right stuff in the men who carried the crimson colors. The hammering of the guards-back plays wore them steadily down, as it did last year, and they were unable to stop the play from making repeated gains. Minds's punting was also a marked factor in the result. A kick of his, which the Harvard full-back was unable to handle, so well was it placed, transferred the play from the danger quarters of Pennsylvania down into Harvard territory.

Parker's run in the first half was the striking feature of that period, and yielded Harvard her only score of the game. Garrison staid with him on the run, and interfered most cleverly. Dibblee again showed himself a remarkably able man in a broken-up field, and his running back of Minds's punts aided Harvard in keeping down the score. Pennsylvania's play was less individual in character, but stronger far in the use of concentrated plays. Hare, under this system, and with the aid of his comrades, showed himself to be a plunging ground-gainer of the greatest value. The general play of Pennsylvania was much more rapid than that of Harvard, though not so like a whirlwind as it has been at times this season. One or two fumbles were also especially expensive for Pennsylvania.

The game opened with Harvard kicking off, and by hard work, aided by a weak punt of Minds's, Harvard soon had a chance to use her running game, with the ball in her possession, inside Pennsylvania's thirty-five-yard line. After two gains through the centre, netting six yards, a fumble lost the ball to Pennsylvania, and a punt of Minds's, which passed Haughton, carried the ball well down to Harvard's goal. The first score was made by the new place-kick. The second score was led up to by Minds's punting the ball just to the edge of Harvard's goal. Haughton punted over to the twenty-yard line, where a penalty and a series of runs, mostly by Minds, gave Pennsylvania a touch-down which Minds converted into a goal. From this time on the result was not in doubt, and the final score left Pennsylvania ahead by nine points.

WALTER CAMP.

THE ALL-PHILADELPHIA CRICKET ELEVEN'S TOUR.

ALTHOUGH the number of victories was somewhat less than we had hoped for, and with good reason, we thought, yet, after all, a careful study of the work of the all-Philadelphia Cricket eleven, after its return from its English tour, revealed considerable cause for pride in its showing. In comparing the '97 tour with those of '84 and '89, which resulted in more victories, one is apt to ignore the fact that the teams Philadelphia met on the first two trips were in no way comparable with the elevens on its '97 schedule. In fact, Philadelphia did not meet first-class cricket in either '84 or '89, professionals being barred by agreement. This year, however, Philadelphia played the very strongest teams England could put into the field; and how important a factor is the professional in English county "amateur" cricket may be judged by the statement that 70 of the 160 bowlers who opposed Philadelphia's batsmen were professionals.

J. A. LESTER.

Taking also into consideration the further facts that cricket may be called England's national game, that Englishmen are the most expert players in the world, while there is no first-class native cricket in America outside of Philadelphia—and I think we may say that the all-Philadelphia eleven did very well.

As a matter of record, we publish the results of the matches and averages of the American players:

Oxford University, 363; Philadelphians, 163 (7 wickets)—draw. Lancashire, 149-64 (3 wickets); Philadelphians, 123-86—lost, 4 runs and 7 wickets. Cambridge University, 412; Philadelphians, 149-100—lost, 163 runs and 1 innings. Philadelphians, 216-83 (2 wickets); Sussex, 46-252—won, 1 run and 8 wickets. Middlesex, 234-154 (3 wickets); Philadelphians, 117-270—lost, 1 run and 7 wickets. Oxford Past and Present, 261-84 (3 wickets); Philadelphians, 120-221—lost, 4 runs and 7 wickets. Philadelphians, 225; Yorkshire, 104 (4 wickets)—draw. Hampshire, 281-78 (5 wickets); Philadelphians, 292-163—lost, 4 runs and 5 wickets. Warwickshire, 296-201; Philadelphians, 269-230 (5 wickets)—won, 2 runs and 5 wickets. Philadelphians, 421; Notts, 244-249 (8 wickets)—draw. Gloucestershire, 363; Philadelphians, 181-158—lost, 29 runs and 1 innings. Somerset, 200; Philadelphians, 171 (5 wickets)—draw. M. C. C. and Ground, 278-280 (8 wickets); Philadelphians, 179-152—lost, 227 runs. Kent, 454; Philadelphians, 168-277—lost, 9 runs and 1 innings. Surrey, 273-372; Philadelphians, 233-258—lost, by 154 runs.

The individual work of the eleven seemed to be stronger than the team-work, although the tour shows unmistakably that in all-Philadelphia, as represented by the '97 team, there are not above half a dozen cricketers of the first class. Lester proved invaluable to his team, and was the most consistent performer on it. Captain Patterson was badly off form during the early part of the tour, but subsequently, and until a split hand necessitated his retirement near the end of the schedule, did strong work at bat. King provided the strength of the bowling, and made a splendid record.

	Runs.	Inn.	Not out.	Av.
J. A. Lester	891	26	2	37.12
G. S. Patterson	540	17	1	33.75
A. M. Wood	702	28	1	26.08
F. H. Bohlen	391	19	2	23.00
J. B. King	441	25	3	20.40
C. Coates, Jr.	243	15	0	16.20
H. C. Thayer	290	18	0	16.11
P. H. Clark	191	22	10	15.91
E. M. Cregar	320	22	1	15.23
L. Biddle	149	14	3	13.54
H. L. Clark	91	9	0	11.22
F. W. Ralston	123	16	3	9.46
H. P. Baily	177	20	1	9.31
F. H. Bates	91	11	0	8.27
J. H. Scattergood	31	6	2	7.75

Even had it accomplished no other end, the tour must be regarded valuable in having demonstrated beyond question that the only way for Philadelphia to add to its present small list of first-class cricketers is to play first-class teams. Defeats so convincing are good investments.

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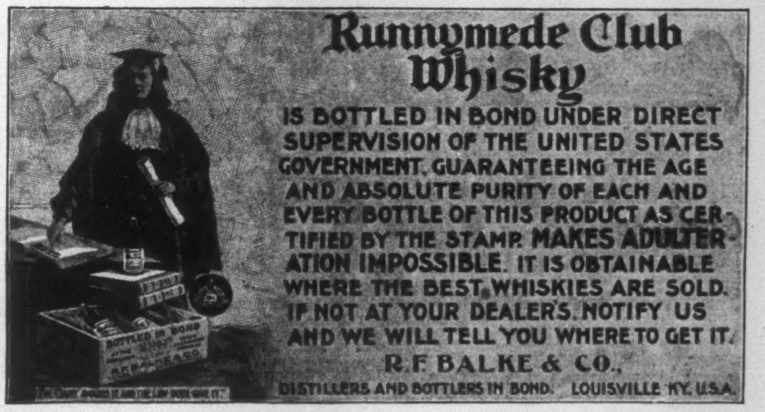

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